

High School Souvenir



H. Vorwieski

Alexandra High School
Medicine Hat, Alberta
1922

The College Inn

"On the Hill"

J. A. King, Prop. - 524A Fourth Ave.

We try to show our appreciation of the student's patronage.

We carry a line of Candy that appeals to them.

Our Hot Drinks in the Winter; our Cool ones in the Summer make our "Tea Room" a winner every day.

STUDENTS BRING YOUR FRIENDS

100%

Boys and Girls try to get it in their studies. We try to give it to them in clothes.

Boys' Suits

are made of selected all wool fabrics finely tailored.

Sailor-Maid Dresses and Middies

as staunch as the British Navy, for particular girls, are handled exclusively by us.

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Insurance and General Agents

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ESTABLISHED 1902

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**Live Stock
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WHY NOT HAVE THE BEST—IT COSTS NO MORE

WE SELL OR BUY STOCKS OR BONDS

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Paramount Pictures

Perfect Projection

MONARCH ORCHESTRA

Increased Efficiency Through Corrected Eyesight

One-third of the nervous energy of the body goes to the function of vision.

Eye strain affects the entire nervous system.

Have your eyes-tested by an experienced optician.

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OPTOMETRIST

Aberdeen Drug Store (on the Hill)

OPTICIAN

TABLE SUPPLIES

Pasteurized Milk - Table and Whipping Cream
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Ice Cream

in bricks or bulk, also our very special line of individual moulds for Easter and Holiday Season. A source of delight for the children's party and grown ups as well. And then best of all Klondyke Nuggets the chocolate coated ice cream.

We specialize in Ice Cream and Fancy Ices for house parties, dinners, afternoon teas, etc. in colors to correspond with your house decorations.

Phone us and let us help you to choose.

CRYSTAL DAIRY LTD.

Phone 2777

WHENEVER YOU NEED School Supplies and Text Books

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British Papers and Fashion Books

Fancy Goods - Toys - Candies

Sporting Goods

GET THEM AT

BLUNDELL'S BOOKSTORE

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Norrie & Fawcett, Limited

Dealers in

FARM IMPLEMENTS, TRACTORS

LUBRICATING OILS and GREASES

AGENTS FOR AJAX COAL

Phone 2668

Stores at Medicine Hat and Vauxhall, Alta.

OUR ADVERTISERS

Next time you go shopping, take a copy of the "Souvenir" with you. Let it be your shopping guide. It will reward you well for we guarantee our advertisers to be the best business firms in the city.

Students, read the ads. Respond to them! We are proud to publish them.

(Continued on Page 4)

Medicine Hat's Leading Cafe

The American

SOUTH RAILWAY STREET

CATERS TO

Public and Private Gatherings

Dance Suppers

Parties - Banquets



Private Booths - Dining Room

Popular Prices

If It's Hardware—We Have It

WE ARE AGENTS FOR

Marswell's Electric Washers
McClary's Famous Gas Ranges
Old English Floor Wax
61 Floor Varnish

AND MANY OTHER LEADING LINES

The Mitchell Hardware Co. Ltd.

Third Street

Medicine Hat

For

Spring 1922



Smart Styles in
Young Men's Suits at new
low prices

The Season's Newest Styles
in Hats, Caps, Shoes and
Furnishings for Men
and Young Men

A. C. Hawthorne

Huckvale Block

Our Advertisers—Continued

WISE SAYINGS.

We can now sing "Hail Columbia" with great feeling. Assiniboia Music, those Grafonola guys, have signed up for an ad. Read it.

* * *

WELL-KNOWN BELLS.

Fire bell.
Butcher Bell.
Alarm bell.
School bell.
Bell Hardware.

* * *

Wander into the College Inn.
He'll treat you like a King.

* * *

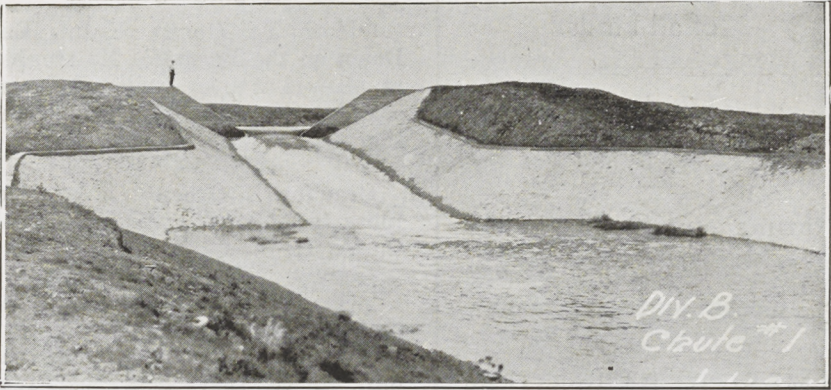
WELL KNOWN BUGS.

Potato bug,
June bug,
Humbug—on exhibit at Alberta
Candy Co.

(Continued on Page 6)

"There is no healthier or finer occupation than farming."

Give Your Boy an Agricultural Education and start him out on an IRRIGATED FARM



WATER CHUTE ON MAIN CANAL, NEAR VAUXHALL,

The above picture indicates the permanency and stability of the main canal structures and the picture below gives a good idea of the results obtained from irrigation.



FINE ALFALFA FIELD AT VAUXHALL,

This field yielded nearly four tons to the acre in two cuttings during 1921.

Come and inspect our lands in the Vauxhall Unit of the Bow River Irrigation Project. For literature and further information apply to

Canada Land & Irrigation Company

Land Department

LIMITED

Medicine Hat, Alta.

LADIES' EXCHANGE

Cor. 4th Ave. & Aberdeen St.

Crocheted, Tatted and
Embroidered Articles
of all kinds.

Exclusive
Silk Lingerie

Fruits and Confectionery

Cream and Ice Cream

MRS. B. BABINGTON
Proprietress

Our Advertisers—Continued

“Where do you spend your Friday nights?” “I spend mine at the Monarch—best show in town.”

* * *

You don't have to be a smart student to get 100%. You can get 100% values at LePage's any time you call.

* * *

“How Ya Gonna Keep 'Em Down on the Farm?” No trouble at all,—if it's an irrigated farm, sold by Canada Land and Irrigation Co.

* * *

Crawford's Grocery is a good place to stop. It's the outpost of the A. H. S.

* * *

“Oh Skinny!—where didja get that swell pomp?”

“Hood's, o' course, thass th' only place they does 'em real classy.”

(Continued on Page 9)

Lang Bros. LIMITED



INSURANCE

Life Accident
Fire Automobile



651 2nd St. Phone 3554

SCHOOL SUPPLIES

of all kinds for both

Public and High School

Eversharp Pencils 75c and up

L. E. Waterman's
“Ideal” Fountain Pen

Columbia Grafonolas
and Records

Alberta Book Store

A. E. Marshall, Prop.

616 3rd St.

Phone 3633

Medicine Hat, Alberta

The Medicine Hat Chamber of Commerce



An organization for the encouragement and furtherance of civic, commercial and industrial activity and enterprise in the City of Medicine Hat and district.



MEMBERSHIP

Any person, association, corporation, partnership or estate may subscribe for one or more memberships in the Medicine Hat

∴ ∴ ∴ Chamber of Commerce ∴ ∴ ∴



OFFICERS AND BOARD OF DIRECTORS

1921-22

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A. HULBERT, Proprietor

PIANOS— Gerhard Heintzman, Sherlock-Manning, Bell
and Doherty.

ORGANS—Bell and Sherlock Manning.

PHONOGRAPHS—Gerhard Heintzman, Brunswick,
Victrolas and Victor Records.

575 Third St. (Hull Block)

Medicine Hat, Alberta

TELEPHONE 2068

Our Advertisers—Continued

Before you take home your next report card, see Lang Bros. They sell life insurance.

* * *

There have been many Victor Records broken, but never their record for constant quality. Sold by Gerhard Heintzman Co.

* * *

Come to the cook-house door boys, sniff at the lovely stew. You guessed it first time.—It's the American Cafe.

* * *

The High School Souvenir demonstrates the power of the Press. So do the Steam Laundry. They do cleaning and pressing.

* * *

Just before exams.—hire a dray to take home your study books and be sure to hire it from the City Stables. They have service!

(Continued on Page 19)



"Synopsitis"

A Spring Disease.

Harper's Studio

G. Brown, Photographer

The Home of High Class Portraiture

Exclusive Sepia-tones

Special Rates to High School Students

We take just as much care with your

KODAK FINISHING

as we do with our Portrait work

REMEMBER THE PLACE

Burns Block

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Medicine Hat, Alberta

Phone 3305

Attention—A. H. S. Students

For Up-to-the-Minute Styles in Hair Cuts

— GO TO —

HOOD'S BARBER SHOP

American Hotel Block

Our Advertisers—Continued

Medicine Hat—a good city to live in. Medicine Hat Chamber of Commerce—a good institution to belong to.

* * *

Watch slow—bad.

Late for school—mad.

Stay after four—sad.

Take watch to Nicholson—glad.

“I know that swell tractor came from the Alberta Foundry Co., because I tracked her.”

* * *

“What's the difference between Hedley Shaw flour and the H. S. Souvenir?”

“No difference! They're both the Cream of the West.”

(Continued on Page 73)

Music ! Music ! Music !

Music is our vocation

Music is our name

Music in every home

Is our highest aim.

Quality - Satisfaction

**Assiniboia Music Co.
Limited**

“Everything Musical”

571 Third Street

Phone 2642

The Fossum Conservatory of Music

Established in 1913

PIANO - VOICE

VIOLIN - THEORY



*Music taught in a scientific
manner by a staff of
competent teachers.*

340 Aberdeen Street

Medicine Hat - Alberta



The Home of the Canadian Tractor

In selecting a Tractor for your farm requirements you would be well advised in choosing the

"Canadian"

The Tractor that embodies such essential features as simplicity in construction, strength, and above all efficiency.

**The Alberta Foundry and Machine
Company Limited
MEDICINE HAT, ALBERTA**

The Boys' Store



*Every Boy is a Hero to
Somebody*

In his own sphere he wants to occupy a commanding position—be looked up to with respect—recognized as somebody that amounts to something. Good clothes have considerable influence in his bearing, his manners and his actions. They help him get greater respect from others by giving him greater respect for himself.

We have a nice range of **High School Boys' Suits** up to size 38 with long pants or bloomers.

Boys' Suits made to measure.

Special attention given to orders for **School Jerseys, Toques, Caps, Bathing Suits, Etc.** in any combination of colors.

Everything in **Furnishings** for Boys.

S. F. HOLMES

Phone 3394

Becker Block

Have you tried goods
made in a different way?



*IF NOT
TRY*

*National Maid
Bread & Cakes*

Made by

**NATIONAL SYSTEM
OF BAKING**

Hull Block

Third Street



SWING AROUND HERE

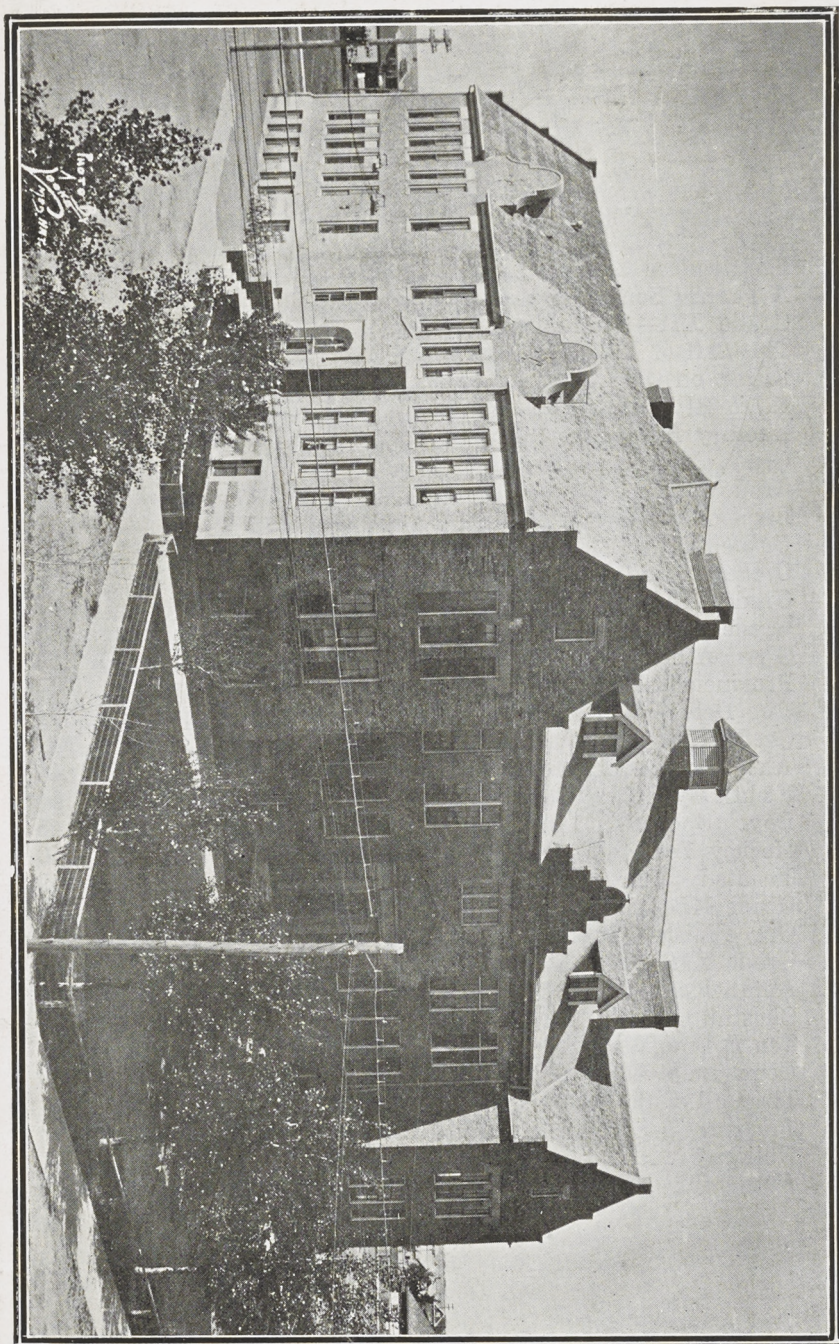
on your way home and take with you a couple of boxes of our choicest chocolates. She can swing and eat all day long with extreme gratification. Our candy, you know, has a great reputation for purity and flavor.

G. F. OLIVIER
"THE TOFFEE MAN"

521a Fourth Ave.

Phone 2670

ALEXANDRA HIGH SCHOOL, MEDICINE HAT



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A Prairie Song at Sunset

Far away across the coulee
Gleams and glows the setting sun
While the purple shadows falling
Shroud in gloom a day that's done.

In the greying vault of Heaven
Sudden gleams a silvery star,
And the soft mysterious shadows
Steal the glow from near and far.

Then from off the rolling prairie,
Whispering clear and sweet and low
Wind amid the scented grasses
Comes a-wandering to and fro.

And the murmuring grows in volume
Gathering strength it rolls along,
And the whispering and the perfume
Weave themselves into a song.

Upward floats the gentle music
Of the water rippling slow
In the shadow-haunted coulee
Faint, yet clear, from far below.

Harmonies are sweetly blending
In a melancholy strain.
T'is the river's obbligate
To the song that comes again.

Could we understand the language
That the wind-blown grasses sing,
We would wiser be, and richer
For the knowledge it would bring.

For the singing winds and waters
Know what we can never know;
All the history that is shrouded
In the mists of long ago.

I. F. TERRY.





The Call of Your Country

(BY SUPERINTENDENT W. E. HAY, B.A., B.Paed.)



STUDENTS come and students go, but the A. H. S. continues lively, renewing its youth every year. Summer after summer the greetings of incoming children eager for the theorems of the classroom out-tongue the farewells of departing graduates eager for the problems of life beyond the school. The A.H.S. like all else that is real and living, thrives upon change. The freshness and vigor of its life are due to this incoming and outgoing,—



SUPERINTENDENT W. E. HAY, B.A., B.Paed.

a challenge to better effort is always present. Although a definite pronouncement of success is never made, assurances of steady progress to it are not lacking; faith in the effectiveness of its effort is justified in the careers of many loyal graduates.

The A. H. S. is as worthy of respect as the lives of its graduates and undergraduates prove it to be. Whatever be the character of the traditions that are growing up about the A. H. S., one thing is certain,—they are just what the flow of student-life through the A. H. S. has left as its effect. Influences of school life upon individual students are effective not so much by virtue of the spoken word, the lesson or the disciplinary exercise, as by virtue of exchange of expressions of personality

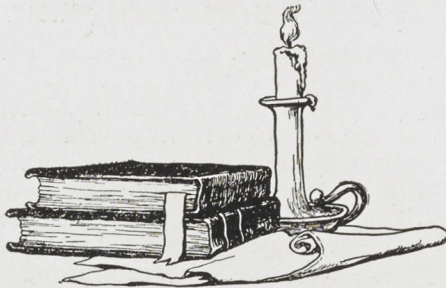
and the development of group-spirit in social relationships. The latter enter the very life of the individual and they enter at a time when that life is taking form for the activities of adulthood. It is just at this time that the individual comes to recognize the claims of others upon his ability to achieve success.

Our nation is, today, in great need of superior service from her more capable citizens and good service from all. Canada has had to assume great obligations and heavy responsibilities during the past decade. These will have to be met by the generation now in Canadian schools and others to follow. Particularly upon the graduates of our High Schools and Universities rests the duty of supplying the leadership the situation demands. Objectives many and difficult have already been mapped out. Action must be begun early and sustained for years to come. The heroic spirit and overflowing energy of youth, instead of spreading unprofitably, should be centred without delay upon high and noble purposes in life. The educated should have the appreciation of present difficulties, the desire and the power to direct their energies within the limits of useful labors.

Students of the A. H. S., this is the call of your country to which YOU must respond. Let nothing deter you from the fulfilment of your duty to our dear Canada. Ours is the need of a young family situated on the frontier confronted with pioneer labor; we need the services of YOUTH as soon as they can be given. The situation for Canada is serious. Equip yourselves for work as WELL and as soon as you can; find a place in the ranks of those who understand and are making their lives count; be loyal, earnest, patriotic, noble Canadians; remember the A. H. S., its motto, its Honor Roll, and its teaching.

*"This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man."*

Hamlet, Act I., Scene 3.



Adrift on the Pacific

(BY ONE OF THE SURVIVORS.)

The Canadian Importer had developed a leak from some unknown cause. The engine room was filled up with water and the steam had long since given out.

We had no means of letting the outside world know where we were. The wireless was out of commission and the only means of signalling at a distance was by rockets, which could not be used in the daylight.

Things looked bad, seven hundred miles from land and only one chance in a hundred that we would be picked up by another ship. After a lengthy conference between the mates and the skipper, it was decided to dispatch a lifeboat in search of help. This was also considered to be a wise plan because the ship now had a list of twenty-seven degrees and was gradually going over farther and farther. There did not appear to be much hope of the ship lasting if any rough weather came on.

Volunteers were asked for from the number of willing hands. Three firemen, three able-seamen, one cadet and myself were chosen; we were placed in charge of the second and third mates, both of whom were men who had sailed before the mast.

The next morning things were made ready for our trip, we were going to try to make San Francisco. Fresh water was put in the casks. Tinned meats and biscuits were stored in the provision lockers. Each man was allowed to take as much of his gear as was necessary, which amounted to a suitcase or a sea-bag each, oilskins, a blanket apiece and other small articles that would not take up much space in the boat.

At four-thirty in the afternoon we climbed down the rope ladder and dropped into the waiting lifeboat. The craft was a substantial affair, equipped with airtight chambers on each side and was capable of carrying fifty people, so the eleven of us had some room to move around in. It was twenty-eight feet long, fitted out with oars and a sail. The oars were almost useless because the boat was too heavy to row. It was estimated that we would be eight days before we came up with the coast.

We left the ship quite thrilled and overjoyed at the prospects of such a trip; little did we dream of what lay before us. The sail was hauled up, and under a gentle breeze we were on our way. At five-thirty we had tea and over our meal of canned fish and soda biscuits we discussed the future. The two mates were left to do the navigating, taking six hours on and six off, and each one of the remaining nine to take two hours watch beginning at six p.m., their duties being to trim the binnacle lamp at night and keep a sharp lookout for lights. During the meal the second engineer became suddenly ill; he was forced to clamber to the side of the boat and kept that position for the remainder of the voyage; the boat had a rolling, pitching motion.

Breakfast was served next morning at seven. The young cadet after refusing the tinned beef and crackers, spoke up and very bravely said, "I guess it's my turn next," and his head disappeared over the side. They say it's like nothing on earth,—they are right, you only get it on the sea.

Our first night was very sleepless, we were not used to such hard resting places. Life preservers served as pillows and lying on top of suitcases and ballast bags, we managed to curl up our legs in the blankets and make a pretense that we were comfortable.

Saturday passed with very little ceremony. Sunday came, a dead calm, and the sun shone down hotter and hotter until we were lying half-clothed, burning up in the heat. About four in the afternoon we were made very thankful by a light breeze springing up and again we were on our way progressing slowly but surely over a hundred and seventy-five miles.

Night came on and we turned our minds to sleep. During the twelve to two watch we were roused by loud cries of "There's a light, there's a light," and sure enough when we had begun to collect our senses we saw a light away off on the horizon coming towards us. We hurriedly got out the tin of red flares and started them going one by one, each flare took about three minutes to burn. After we had burned six of them the ship was almost abreast of us, but showed no signs of stopping. We began to get a queer feeling that it was useless to send up more of our flares, we only had twelve. Then one of the mates devised a scheme which would serve as a signal. Quickly we soaked a piece of waste in the lamp oil, placed it in a bucket and tied the bucket to a boat hook. When a match was set to it the flames leaped feet in the air—"surely they will see this"—but no, and soon the ship's lights were lost to view. Not a word was said but I know what some thought about the mate keeping the twelve to four watch on the bridge of that ship.

The next day we ran into rain squawls and the sea got considerably rougher but the little boat still held her course.

The coming four days were miserable ones. It blew and blew. With the wind came rain in buckets full. We were drenched to the skin, our oilskins seemed to be useless, not even canvas would keep us dry. In the midst of the turmoil the command of "reef-sail" brought those who were seeking shelter from the blow into the storm. It took four men with all their strength to draw the canvas in against the wind. We were cold and shivering and had no means of drying ourselves. The rain had trickled into one of the provision lockers and our soda biscuits had become as mash. At this time the hard-tack made its debut. We were thankful because, having been kept in water-tight tanks, it was dry.

With Saturday came signs of the sun, which appeared at intervals from behind the clouds. We were able to get some of the dampness out of our clothes. Shortly after we had finished our noon meal of bully-beef and hard-tack the mate caused quite a bit of excitement crying "there's a smoke," and following the direction of his finger we saw a slight haze appearing on the horizon at intervals, as if some ship was firing up. But on closer

examination with a pair of field glasses we discovered that the haze was nothing but a spouting whale. A little later we were rewarded by the sight of six giant whales swimming across our wake not fifty yards away. Sunday was another day of dead calm, the only difference from the previous day of rest was that it was hotter, but we did not complain when we thought of the preceding days of rain.

Monday we ran into unfavorable winds and we were driven away to the south'ard but still a little towards the coast. Tuesday brought nothing better, the wind carried us in a nor'westerly direction right back across the course we had originally travelled, forming a complete triangle.

On Wednesday it was estimated that we were some two hundred and fifty miles off land. The time was beginning to drag. After the two days of unfavorable winds we did not know what to expect. Our tinned salmon was gone and the only tasty kind of canned meat had long since been demolished. Our jaws were sore and aching from eating hard-tack. Several members of the crew had contracted little boils all over their arms. The third mate's hands had been cut in opening a can of beef and was now swelling with blood-poison. The half glass of water we got per meal did not seem to quench our thirst; we wanted more just because we were rationed. The bully-beef was being rejected by several because it was so salty that it increased their thirst. In fact, there was not one member of the crew that did not wish for a good drink of water, a hearty meal and a bed to sleep in. I have heard of alcoholic blues, profiteering blues and several other kind of blues, but have not encountered any that come up with the "Lifeboat Blues."

Thursday passed as other days. On Friday we ran into a shoal of porpoises which kept blowing and diving around us the greater part of the morning. At noon, when the mate took his sights, he gave us about a hundred miles to the coast. During the afternoon we passed several pieces of barnacle-covered wood. The sea had noticeably changed color from the deep blue of a few days ago to a greenish color, showing that the depth of the water was decreasing. At four o'clock in the afternoon the breeze freshened and came around right on our stern. To get the full benefit of it we rigged the sail square by lashing an oar out on the side. When we turned in for the night every one was feeling light at heart. "If this wind holds for twenty-four hours we will be in sight of land," this from the mate, who judged that we were doing seven to eight knots per hour. A more careful watch was ordered to be kept during the night because we only had a pocket watch to depend on as a chronometer and so we might be closer to shore than we expected.

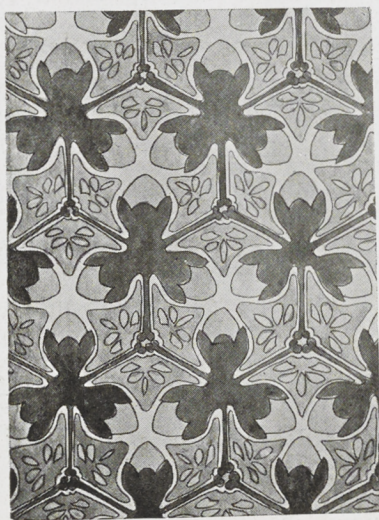
The first part of the night passed and the wind still held good. Just as the ten to twelve watch was being relieved, we were brought to our feet by a shout, "There's a light." It was a light and not more than three miles away. We got out the six remaining flares, but by the time the second one was burned we could see the ship, whatever it was, coming towards us. Some

at first said it was a passenger boat, some a tramp steamer, and others had the opinion that it was one of the United States navy destroyers.

As the light came closer and closer a large tug loomed into view and finally came to a stop about a hundred yards from us. The second mate rolling our chart into a megaphone bellowed across the water with his bull-like voice, "We're from the steamship Canadian Importer and have been adrift for fourteen days, how far are we off 'Frisco?'" The answer came fleeting back across the water, "You are one hundred and five miles off shore. This is the tug boat Sea Lion, we are on our way to the Canadian Importer to take her in tow. Do you want us to take you aboard?" "Yes." With that the oars were got out and we managed to row ourselves to the side of the Sea Lion, where we were pulled aboard one by one.

But disappointment was to be ours. The fourteen days and fifteen nights in the open boat had been in vain; we were not to see San Francisco. Talking it over afterwards everyone agreed that if it had been left to them to decide they would have accepted the tug boat's offer of help, because no one knew what might have happened in the next hundred and five miles.

DONOVAN G. SISSONS,
Grade XII.



First Prize, Edmonton Exhibition, 1921.
Original Design, Ella Lawrence, Grade X.



In Avant

Published by the Literary Society of Alexandra High School,
Medicine Hat, Alberta.

Business Manager ----- Frank LePage
Editor ----- Greta Morrison

ASSISTANTS

Ye Ladyes ----- Mae Goode
Ah! Men ----- Wilfred White
Chestnuts ----- Omar Creer
Our Finished Products ----- Eleanor Jones
Assistant Managers ----- Ogletree Sissons and Lyle Wyatt



THE motto of Alexandra High School, *Aspire Higher Still*, is a motto of which every High School student might well be proud. For, has Alexandra not aspired higher still in every phase of the school's activities?

It might be in order to give a resume of the past three years in order to emphasize all that has been accomplished.

The Literary Society, which is now eleven years old, has truly lived up to our motto. The Orchestra, which had its beginning when the society did, has kept pace with the society right along. 1921 saw the establishment of a museum and a fair-sized reading room. Miss Goudie has charge of the former and has succeeded in obtaining an extensive and valuable collection of curios. The library, under Mr. Paterson's management, is situated in the reading room.

Since the first H. S. sports in 1906, we have had them annually. The large turn-out and the interest taken in them by outsiders testify how successful they are. Alexandra has many aspiring young athletes under her roof, and it is a deplorable fact that she has no gymnasium to encourage them. From 1919 to 1921 we had a splendid substitute for a "gym" in the person of Mr. J. A. McLennan, science teacher and athletic coach, now in Victoria High School, Edmonton.

Debating is still one of the most important features of High School life, and a very successful one in Alexandra High School as witness our winning the Provincial Championship twice.

Many changes have taken place on the teaching staff since 1918. It now consists of: Mr. Sullivan (principal), Mr. Baker,



Above—Lit. Executive, Spring, 1922.

Back row—F. Millican XC, L. Wyatt XII, C. Ratliff (Editor), Dr. Macdonald (Hon. Pres.), J. Munroe XIB, C. Huckvale, Comm., W. Boyd XIA.

Centre row—G. Collins XB, C. White (Vice-Pres.), G. Morrison (Pres.), L. Dawkins (Sec.-Treas.), H. Matheson IXC.

Bottom row—D. Whyte XA, R. Prasow IXB, M. Singular IXA.

Below—Lit. Executive, Fall, 1921.

Back row—A. Terry, L. Wyatt, G. Morrison, Mr. J. E. Davies (Hon. Pres.), L. Dawkins, A. Kirk, E. Chudleigh, G. Thirwell.

Front row—B. Bayne, C. Dobbin (Vice-Pres.), F. LePage (Pres.), O. Sissons (Sec.-Treas.), R. Prasow.

Miss Fraser, Miss McCracken, Mr. McNeill, Miss Borden, Mr. Fleming, Miss Armstrong, Mrs. Terry, Miss Fowler, Miss Goudie and Mr. Paterson.

The Literary Executive for the fall term of 1921 published a collection of High School Songs and Yells, which have gone a long way towards attaining our desired esprit de corps.

Last, but, emphatically, not the least, the spirit that exists between teacher and student is one that any school might feel proud of. This co-operative spirit has helped immensely in making Alexandra what she is to-day.

The first High School Magazine was published in 1913 and was a decided success. The next followed in 1918, and true to our motto, was even more successful than the first.

Now we are publishing the third magazine in the history of the school, and our aim is to have it the most successful yet.

Every article in the magazine is original; as also are the names for the different sections.

We wish to thank the students for contributions. Many contributions found a place in the "waste-paper basket," but the students were good sports and realized that the magazine was published for quality rather than quantity.

We feel fortunate in having secured the contribution from Donovan Sissons, "Adrift on the Pacific." Every word of this article is true, the author having experienced it himself. We are very thankful to Don. for the pains he has taken to arrange this for us.

Thanks are also due Mr. H. H. Harper for photographs which he donated.

We now come to the most important factor in the success of our magazine. We can never thank the merchants sufficiently for the financial assistance they have rendered us. Without their support, we would have had no magazine. It is now the duty of the students to show their appreciation by patronizing our advertisers to the fullest extent.

* * *

DEBATING IN THE A. H. S.

It has often been said "Yes, but what good is debating outside of spending money to go to Calgary, Lethbridge and Edmonton?" And we might answer, "What good is it to pay for a boy's education to be a lawyer?" It means the growth of ideas, the faculty of putting these ideas in a clear and a concise manner before another person. It means the debater is acquiring force to his arguments and is able to take his place with anyone and everyone on any subject with little or no preparation.

In recent years it has been part of a school's curriculum to encourage debates and speeches. Alexandra High School is no exception to this rule. In 1916-17 our debaters, Ralph Moore, Muriel McLaren, James Sanderson and Gordon Harmon won the provincial championship and brought the Rutherford Cup to Medicine Hat.

In 1920-21 Eva Foster, Russell Henderson, Lloyd Colwell, Charles Waldo and Hugh Crawford again won for Alexandra



GRADE XII (MISS GOUDIE)

High School the Rutherford Cup by defeating Lethbridge, Calgary and Edmonton.

Nor is inter-school debating the only kind in which the High School participates. The students of the High School offer a cup given in memory of Bertrand Bray for inter-class debates. The first year this cup was won by Grade XII., which was represented by Edith Davis, Bruce MacDonald, Olive Terry and Oliver Reed. The second year it was won by Grade IX., whose team was composed of Alva Foster, Vera Ansley, Carlyle Fountain and Fred Millican.

This year we hoped to win the Rutherford Cup for the third time, and so with great hopes sent our debaters Alva Foster and Thomas Blair to Calgary, but they were defeated by eight points. Mae Goode and Wilfred White vanquished their opponents here by four points. We were sorry to lose the cup, but —“Excelsior”—we will try again next year.

RUSSELL D. HENDERSON.

* * *

A. H. S. ORCHESTRA

The High School Orchestra is flourishing more strongly than ever. The conductor, Mr. Baker, who has so ably conducted it in former years, is still at the helm.

The musical nature of this school has always been very evident and it finds expression through the orchestra, which has featured very prominently in our “Lit” programmes.

Not only has it pleased the students of the school, but has gained fame at the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church anniversary supper and numerous concerts and addresses in the school and elsewhere.

The present membership is:

Conductor—Mr. W. R. Baker (clarionet).

First violins—Grace Thirlwell (president); Robin Terry (secretary-treasurer).

Second violins—Lorne Ginther, Paul Knapper, Frank Lawrence, Claude Edwards, Kenneth Pratt.

Cello—Audrey Terry (vice-president).

Clarionets—Mr. W. R. Baker, Alfred Simcoe.

Cornets—Morton Sharpe, Bertram Souch.

Saxaphones—Jack Heath, Frank Sharpe.

Bass horn—Keith Wellband.

Drums—Tom Knight.

Accompanist—Ida Worth.

I. M. WORTH.

* * *

THE LIBRARY

The Alexandra High School was fortunate this year in having on its staff Mr. Paterson, under whose capable management the library has found a new beginning.

For some time past the High School Library has been in a state of desuetude partly because many were unaware of its contents. A committee was formed to rearrange the books.



GRADE IXA (MR. McNEILL)

After careful study and listing of the contents it was found that the library contains approximately four hundred volumes. The largest portion consists of English literature and fiction (including several of the great novelists). The second largest section is that of history, followed by science. The books have been classified on a simple decimal system, which will permit of additions being made of any quantity without disturbance of classification. The School Board has brought Nelson's Encyclopaedia up to date, which makes one good work of reference at hand. It is hoped later to put the library on a better basis by getting a further grant from the School Board. Contributions from the students will be greatly appreciated.

Much praise is due to efforts of the committee, which, under the direction of Miss Dorothy Muir and the able assistance of Miss Lorna Mais, has completed the initial work and advertised the contents to the students. By the end of the year it is hoped that the library will have obtained a firm foothold in our High School.

JOHANNA SILLAK, Grade XII.

* * *

FAREWELL TO MR. McLENNAN

"Is it not enough to take our freedom from us without this?" was the thought that passed through the minds of more than one of the students of the A. H. S. when it was officially reported that "Mac" was going to leave us. The summer holidays were fast drawing to a close and everyone was feeling mighty blue when suddenly they were confronted by this. Still, as it could not be helped we decided to make the best of it and give him a good send-off. So a banquet was immediately planned for.

Guests, teachers, students, and ex-students attended the banquet. After the greedy boys had eaten nearly everything in sight, James Robinson, in the vain hope of saving their reputation, rose to his feet and after a short and witty speech of welcome, he called Wilbur Ginther to speak. Wilbur gave a brief summary of Mr. McLennan's activities among the boys and he expressed the deep regret of all at losing so popular a leader.

Miss Beatrice Russell then spoke of what Mr. McLennan had done to encourage athletics among the girls. For surely no greater interest has ever been taken in this phase of the school life than since "Mac" came to the Alexandra High.

Mr. Lang, a neighbor of Mr. and Mrs. McLennan, in his usual humorous manner, praised Mr. and Mrs. McLennan as neighbors. He said that not only were they a good kind of people to have in the community, but their young son, even at such an early date, was beginning to show that he was one day to gain a name for himself in the athletic field. He even went so far as to make the amazing statement that "Rory" and his father practised the "shot put" every evening.

Mr. McEachern, speaking from the viewpoint of a "patron of athletics," highly commended Mr. McLennan's athletic

prowess. He pointed out what an enthusiastic worker "Mac" has been, not only for the High School, but for the boys and girls of the whole town in anything along the line of athletics. He brought his speech to a close with expressions of deep regret in losing so faithful a fellow-worker.

Hugh Crawford then read an address after which Miss Alice Sissons presented Mr. and Mrs. McLennan with a beautiful silver tea service and tray.

Mrs. McLennan, much to her husband's relief, rose to the occasion and made a little speech in which she thanked the students for this gift and expressed her deep regret at leaving Medicine Hat, which is her old home town. She assured us that no matter where they go, they will never forget the good old A. H. S.

Omar Creer, in very Scotch accents, then presented them with a silver spoon for Master Roderick McLaren McLennan. Omar suggested that he might use it to eat a wee bit of porridge.

Mr. McLellan spoke on behalf of "Rory." The speaking was then brought to an end and Jimmie Robinson suggested that the tables be moved back and a little dancing enjoyed.

Mr. and Mrs. McLennan joined heartily in the dances, especially in some rather wild circle one-steps. Everyone enjoyed himself to the fullest extent possible, and after the singing of "Auld Lang Syne" we departed for our homes.

Mr. and Mrs. McLennan left the next evening for their new home with the good wishes of all.

DOROTHY KERR, XIB.



Lives of the Saints

MR. D. M. SULLIVAN, M.A.

Aspire higher still was primarily the motto of the students of Alexandra High School, but judging from the advances made in the administration of high school affairs, it has been the motto of our efficient principal, also. With an unusual talent for organization we can understand how through the Literary Society, debating teams, social functions and other school activities Mr. Sullivan has brought out the latent talent of students, which otherwise might never have been discovered. The key to the success of Mr. Sullivan as a principal, lies in the sterling qualities of his character, among which is to be found a very keen sense of humor.

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HIGH SCHOOL STAFF

Back row—Miss E. Borden (Math); Miss W. Armstrong (Comm.); Miss J. A. Fraser (Moderns).
 Centre row—G. C. Paterson (Hist.); Miss M. J. Goudie (Natural Science); A. V. MacNeill (Latin); R. W. Fleming (Science).
 Front row—Miss M. Fowler (Math); Mrs. I. F. Terry (Art); D. M. Sullivan, Principal; W. R. Baker (Math.); Miss E. McCracken (English).

* * *

MR. W. R. BAKER, B.A.

Mr. Baker snatches a few hours sleep at home but the rest of the time he spends at the High School, training orchestras, getting up musical comedies, preparing experiments in physics, coaching the girls' basketball teams, demonstrating propositions in geometry. Where he finds time to play with his two bright little daughters we don't know, for he spends all day Sunday at the Fifth Avenue Methodist Church.



GRADE XC (MR. PATERSON)

MISS EVA MCCrackEN, B.A.

"Exceedingly well read."

Soon after graduating from the University of New Brunswick, Miss McCracken felt the "lure of the west." Fortunate were the high school students that she chose Medicine Hat as her destination. She has forsaken her native province by the sea, but she has brought with her a fine appreciation of the beauty in the best literature. This has inspired in her pupils a desire to become acquainted with the best of prose and poetry.

* * *

MISS J. A. FRASER, B.A.

"Knowledge comes but wisdom lingers."

Sometimes just after twelve one hears in the corridor gay voices calling to each other phrases like these: "J'ai faim du loup," "Je suis tout a vous," "A bientot!" These are echoes from Miss Fraser's French lesson of the last period,—a fair evidence of her success in teaching her favorite subject. But Miss Fraser's interest in the school extends beyond the classroom to various student activities, and her suggestions and practical help are always much appreciated. An interesting, animated, and fluent talker, she occasionally becomes quite laconic, "Outside!"

* * *

MRS. I. F. TERRY.

The gifts which the fairies of Ireland showered upon Mrs. Terry's cradle, she has used most generously for school and community. It has happened more than once that at the end of a busy day she has found time and energy to prepare an attractive poster for the bulletin board, to work on the scenery of a play, to deliver a lecture on art, or to play for a students' dance. We often wonder when she finds time to sleep and how she keeps her sunny smile.

* * *

MR. W. R. FLEMING, B.A.

"Deep thirst for knowledge hath his footsteps led."

Near the town of Watford, Ontario, W. R. first sang solos. During the short period that he remained "monarch of all he surveyed" this youth showed a distinct aptitude for separating sugar from his porridge and thus it was prophesied that W. R. would be a chemist. After graduating from the high school at Watford he yielded to the lure of the giant cedars in British Columbia where, beneath their shade he learned the first rudiments of teaching. His aspirations for greater knowledge led him to Queen's University. In the corridors of this seat of learning science cast her spell about him and thus was the prophecy concerning him fulfilled. At present his hours are spent amid the delightful odors of the laboratory, where he performs his feats of magic before an awe-stricken group of open-mouthed hopefuls.



Above—The Orchestra—Mr. Baker (Conductor),

Below—Editorial Staff of Souvenir, 1922.

4th row—L. Wyatt, F. Brown, O. Sissons, R. Henderson, L. Dawkins, E. Chudleigh, W. Boyd.
 3rd row—B. Bayne, M. Goode (Girls' Page), E. Joness (Our Graduates), G. Thirwell, D. Muir.
 2nd row—Principal D. M. Sullivan, G. Morrison (Editor), F. LePage (Bus. Man.)
 1st row—W. White (Boys' Page), H. McCallum, O. Creer (Jokes), W. Morrison, G. Grant.

MISS ELMIRA BORDEN, B.A.

Miss Borden comes from Hantsport, N. S., the land of Evangeline. She graduated from Acadia University, taught a year in Nova Scotia, and then the "wanderlust" drove her far across the prairie to Medicine Hat to teach in the mathematical department. We hope that by an accurate application of the principles of mathematics she'll be less unfortunate in locating her "Gabriel."

* * *

MISS MARY FOWLER, B.A.

Miss Fowler hails from Toronto. There and elsewhere she spent a number of years collecting a great store of theories and formulae in physics and mathematics, and since then has "lived laborious days" trying to induce high school students in Alberta to take a deep and intelligent interest in these same branches of knowledge. She does all in her power to "help lame dogs over stiles." It remains to be seen how many of the future great scientists and mathematicians of Canada are passing through her hands in Medicine Hat.

* * *

MISS MARIE J. GOUDIE, B.A.

The essence of the whole British Empire is to be found on our faculty in the person of Miss M. J. Goudie. Born in the Shetland Islands, educated in Scotland, having taught in South Africa and the United States, and now in the profession in Canada, is her remarkable record. Equally extraordinary is her versatility. She has taught practically every subject on the curriculum, though she specializes in the Natural Sciences and Art—and the Shorter Catechism. A devotee of what is right—and British—Miss Goudie is leaving a lasting impression on many an embryo citizen.

* * *

MISS WINNIFRED ARMSTRONG, B.A.

Miss Armstrong is a native of Campbellford, Ontario. After graduating from high school, she went to the University of Toronto, where she was a freshette while another member of our staff, Mr. Baker, was a senior. Since having graduated from both University and Normal School she has taught in Saskatchewan and in her native town, Campbellford. She came to Medicine Hat in September of the present term.

* * *

MR. G. C. PATERSON, M.A.

Gilbert Clarence Paterson was born some thirty odd years ago in the Manse at Chilliwack, British Columbia; educated at the Collegiate Institute, Woodstock, Ontario, University of Toronto and Harvard University. During the war he served in the Imperial Ministry of Munitions, from which he passed into the service of the Dominion Government, in the Department of Labor at Ottawa. His special training in history made it inevitable that he should come to Medicine Hat to instruct us in that subject.



GRADE XA (MISS McCRACKEN)

ARTHUR VICTOR McNEILL, B.A.

"Nam et ipsa scientia protesta est."

Mr. McNeill, our new Latin master, was born rather more than thirty years ago in Drumbo Manse, County Down, Ireland; educated at the Royal Academic Institution and Queen's University, Belfast. During the war Mr. McNeill saw service with the Irish Fusiliers in Serbia, Greece, Palestine and Egypt. In April of 1920 he came to Canada, attended the Edmonton Normal School, and in due course, of course, found his way to Medicine Hat.

* * *

MR. AND MRS. WM. BAYNE.

Alexandra High School would not be Alexandra High School without our fostering guardians, Mr. and Mrs. Bayne.

Mrs. Bayne stands at our door every morning, summer and winter, to welcome us with her genial smile.

Whenever we want hot tea or coffee, whether it is for a few girls at noon, or for three hundred and fifty students at a social function it is always Mrs. Bayne who prepares it. If we lose our gloves or scarfs we immediately fly to Mrs. Bayne just as we would to our mothers.

To see Mr. Bayne on his weary tramp from room to room after four, one would be liable to take him to be a regular cynic.

However, after a few words with him we find him to be one of the very best sports in High School. He never refuses to do anyone a favor and he always confers it as if it were a pleasure to him.

* * *

CORALIE RATLIFF.

"There's no art to find the mind's construction in the face." Because to look at Cora one would take her to be a very staid sort of person. Do not be misled dear reader. Cora, when one really knows her, is "hilarity" personified. She can do her hair up in a different style for every school day in the week and still have a special one for Sunday.

* * *

MARION DOROTHY KERR.

"She needs no eulogy—she speaks for herself." And she does it so well that the teachers have a habit of looking her way whenever there is a commotion in XIB. But that bobbed-haired assemblage does not absorb all the sunshine. The whole school gets the benefit of Dot's fun through the medium of the "Girls' Page" and those who are not fortunate enough to belong to the A. H. S. may be cheered by her sunny smile by simply frequenting Crawford's store at recess.





GRADE IXB (MISS FOWLER)

GRETA GERALDINE MORRISON.

"Queen Rose of the rosebud garden of girls."

The g's in Greta's name stand for Greatness, also Goodness. At the age of five Greta had learned her alphabet as far as the letter "G." Her mother inquired, "What comes after 'G'?" "Whizz," said our future president. Her progress has resembled a whizzing sound ever since. About the only office Greta doesn't fill this year is President of the Boys' Athletic Society, and we have a feeling that she even runs that by proxy. All this glory has not turned Greta's head, and she has still the same simplicity and naturalness of manner that she had at the age of five.

* * *

A. FRANK LePAGE.

Frank sprang into prominence by becoming editor of the En Avant. Looking around for more worlds to conquer, he decided to become President of the Lit. last term, and ever since he has strode the school like a Colossus. Striding with his hands in his pants pockets on a platform is Frank's favorite pastime, and he is in his glory if someone is trying to block his pet schemes—deeper into the pockets go his hands and his eyes sparkle with intensity till something gives way,—usually the opponent. One thing is Frank's abomination, yea, two trials make his spirit grieve—the first is geometry, the second is a tie that binds.

* * *

AUDREY TERRY.

Audrey is a leading member of the orchestra for this reason if no other, she plays the largest instrument of any. She is very skilled on "that great big violin," viz. the 'cello. She never attempts to play a piece that is not full of pep and vim. Some of her favorite selections are "The Midnight Fire Alarm," "Dance of the Caribbean Whirlwind," "Burning of Rome." We had better watch her or she might outclass Nero with that "big fiddle" of hers.

* * *

THE McEACHERN BROTHERS.

Ray in appearance resembles a greyhound—built for speed, as the poor benighted Freshmen discovered to their cost last September when they tried to run away. In addition to being a crack track athlete, he won last year the Provincial Championship as a featherweight boxer. Art is 3-5 seconds behind Ray in the hundred yards and swears he will catch Ray some day. If he does he will crack the Dominion record. This paper hereby goes on record as prophesying that one or both of these boys will one day establish Canadian records in running or jumping.



Above—Athletic Winners—Back row—H. Wilson, M. Dobbin, Supt. W. E. Hay, (Hon. Pres.), F. Emes, A. Weeks.
Front row—N. Clements, C. Arrowsmith (Junior Champ.), W. Krapfel (Senior Champ.), G. Thirwell.

Below—Provincial Champion Debaters, 1921—C. Waldo, J. Robinson (Pres. of Lit.), L. Colwell, R. Henderson, H. Crawford, Evelyn Foster, Principal D. M. Sullivan.



Our Debaters



RUSSELL HENDERSON.

If you see a tall streak of lightning with fair wavy hair you will know it is our champion inter-collegiate debater, R. D. Henderson. Russell takes a prominent part in hockey and it is whispered he aspires to the field of law.

* * *

MAE GOODE.

"Thou had'st a voice whose sound is like the sea." "Goody" is one of the best debaters who ever entered our High School and has an oratorical voice that she might well be proud of.

* * *

EVELYN FOSTER.

Besides being champion inter-collegiate debater Eva has made a very efficient secretary-treasurer of our Literary Society.

* * *

THOMAS BLAIR.

"And tell quaint lies, how honorable ladies sought my love, which I, denying, they fell sick and died." Fortunately for the A. H. S., Redcliff High School has no Grade XII., or we would never have been blessed with this clever debater.

* * *

ALVA FOSTER.

Alva has shown that two persons in the same family can possess similar qualities. Like her older sister, she has debated to uphold the honor of the A. H. S.

* * *

WILFRED WHITE.

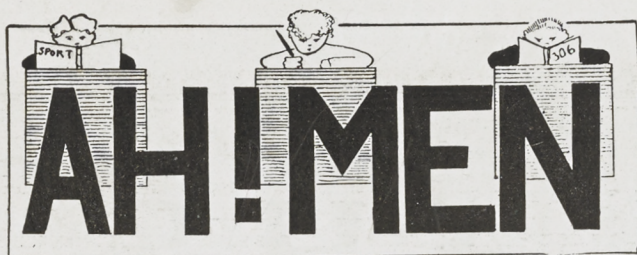
*"Oh he's little but he's wise;
He's a terror for his size."*

If dreams come true "Wiff" will be a famous analytical chemist some day.





GRADE IXC (MR. FLEMING)



*"A man he seems of cheerful yesterdays
And confident to-morrows."*—Wordsworth.

Editor—WILFRED H. WHITE.



WID you ever consider a boy seriously? He's certainly a peculiar creature isn't he. Samuel K. Albright nearly takes you off your feet with his brilliancy, while Richard B. Lait never would move without persuasion. Then there is Raymond H. Goodfellow, who, you notice, has his white handkerchief neatly tucked in his pocket. He is the one who has been brought up on Sunday school picnics and the "Pilgrim's Progress." Another type is George M. Rufhus, who cares nothing for his personal appearance. Boys differ in sympathies, ambitions, choices of recreation and affections. But after a final summing up we cannot get away from the fact that they still remain boys.

Not only are they men who have not come to maturity, in mind and body, but they differ from men in many other respects, for example, their sense of humor, their ideas of greatness and their imagination. Besides this they are seen and understood differently by different persons.

To a parent a boy may be the embodiment of some great hope in which mamma's angel, ideal child, will be a hero some day. For further particulars see mamma's pet.

The teacher's idea of a boy would very often correspond with a personification of evil, with horns and tail and all other accessories, especially after he has put up with his endless pranks and humor from nine a.m. till four p.m., five days out of every week.

To Isabel Lacey, William S. Armstrong impersonates all that is manly, strong and attractive.

But what does a boy think of another boy? That is a mighty hard question to answer. If he is a great athlete or prominent in some other activity then he is a good sport. However, if he interferes with the sentimental affairs of the other fellow then—but hush! this is not an appropriate place to name him.

A. H. S. FIELD DAY SPORTS.



**-AT THE BALL PARK
-MONDAY, SEPT. 18, 1922
COMMENCING AT 9.30 A.M.
ADMISSION
25¢**

EABare XB

SPORTS

The sports of the Alexandra High School have reached a mile-post in their history. Despite the lack of a suitably equipped gymnasium the sports have increased continually in quality until we are justly proud of what our athletes have done.

During the last two years six out of seven of the records for championship events for both junior and senior sports have been broken. Our men also hold some very enviable records outside of the school.

Mr. A. R. McEachern accompanied the boys to both the Southern Alberta Sports at Lethbridge, October 7, 1921 and to the Caledonian Sports at Calgary, August 6, 1921, where they did credit to themselves and the school.



A. McEachern R. McEachern
Junior Champ. Senior Champ.
Field Day, 1921.

The records for the sports of the A. H. S. up to the present stand as follows:

SENIOR RECORDS.

Running high jump, 1919—Ralph Moore, 5 ft. 2½ ins.
Running broad jump, 1921—Ray McEachern, 19 ft. 2 ins.
Standing broad jump, 1921—Ray McEachern, 9 ft. 3 ins.
Hop, step and jump, 1920—Ray McEachern, 38 ft. 5 ins.
100 yards dash, 1921—Ray McEachern, 10 3-5 seconds.
200 yards dash, 1920—Ray McEachern, 24 1-5 seconds.
Shot put, 1921—Arthur Wise, 38 ft. 8 ins.



Above—Hockey Team, 1922.

Left to right—R. McEachern, R. Henderson, C. Wright, C. Huckvale, F. Russell, F. Brown, P. Gishler, H. McCallum, K. Knight, O. Sissons.

Below—Field Day Winners.

Back row—H. McBain, W. Rose, C. Dobbin, K. Bassett, C. White, O. Creer, R. Lauder.
 Front row—A. McEachern (Junior Champ.), Mr. A. R. McEachern (Hon. Pres.), Jas. Rae, (Pres.), R. McEachern (Senior Champ.)

JUNIOR RECORDS.

Running high jump, 1920—Hugh Crawford, 4 ft. 9½ ins.
Running broad jump, 1921—Art McEachern, 16 ft.
Standing broad jump, 1918—Eric Ansley, 8 ft. 2½ ins.
Hop, step and jump, 1921—Harold McBain, 34 ft. 6½ ins.,
and A. McEachern (equal).
Standing broad jump, 1921—A. McEachern, 8 ft. 2½ ins.
100 yards dash, 1921—Art McEachern, 11 3-5 seconds.
220 yards dash, 1921—Art McEachern, 26 4-5 seconds.
Shot put 1921—Art McEachern, 29 ft. 2½ ins.
Special event—3-mile marathon—Record, Omar Creer, 16
minutes, 59 seconds.

Southern Alberta Sports, Lethbridge, October 7, 1921.

SENIOR.

Ray McEachern took senior championship.
Ray McEachern made 100 yards dash in 10 1-5 seconds,
making a record for Southern Alberta and equalling the Alberta
record.
Lisle Townsend made a record for Southern Alberta in the
hop, step and jump, 39 ft. 1 in.
440 yards dash—Ray McEachern.
220 yards dash—Ray McEachern, 24 seconds.
Running high jump—Kenneth Bassett, 5 ft. 4 ins.
Running broad jump—Lisle Townsend, 18 ft.

INTERMEDIATE.

Art McEachern took intermediate championship.
100 yards dash—Art McEachern, 11 1-5 seconds.
220 yards dash—Art McEachern, 26 seconds.
1 mile—Omar Creer.
Shot put—Art McEachern, 28 ft. 8 ins.

JUNIOR.

440 yards dash—Omar Creer.
880 yards dash—Omar Creer.

Caledonian Sports, Calgary, August 6, 1921.

Relay race (15 and under)—Alberta record made by Lisle
Townsend, Bob Lauder, Clarence Dobbin and Art McEachern,
1 min. 30 sec.
440 yards dash—Ray McEachern, 52 4-5 seconds.
100 yards dash (15 and under)—Art McEachern.

Medicine Hat, July 1, 1921.

Art McEachern made 100 yards dash in 10 4-5 seconds,
thereby making a record for Canada (15 and under).

* * *

Our hockey team, the Green and White, had a good season
this year. They won over half of their games, and among
their victories is one well-earned one, in which they beat the
city all-star juniors 4-3.

EMBARRASSING PREDICAMENTS

When two lady teachers press you for an engagement for the same evening.

When you hear girls giggling behind you and you wonder whether they're laughing at you or the fellow you're with.

When the Tin Lizzy stalls in a mud puddle and you are forced to make your fair friend get out and walk.

When a young lady asks whom you are taking to the High School Dance.

When you go to pay for the ice cream and find your pocket-book is in your other trousers.

* * *

MASCULINE CONCEIT

Who said boys have no pride? I'll bet the last blank on my cheque book that it takes a boy longer than most of our lady friends to arrange his feathers. Every boy in the A. H. S. has some pet method of doing up his hair. The hair varies from Omar Creer's burning brush heap to Norman Blossom's field of stubble.

Eh! Did one of you girls ask how they maintain these weird effects Well, just for fun I'll briefly explain matters.

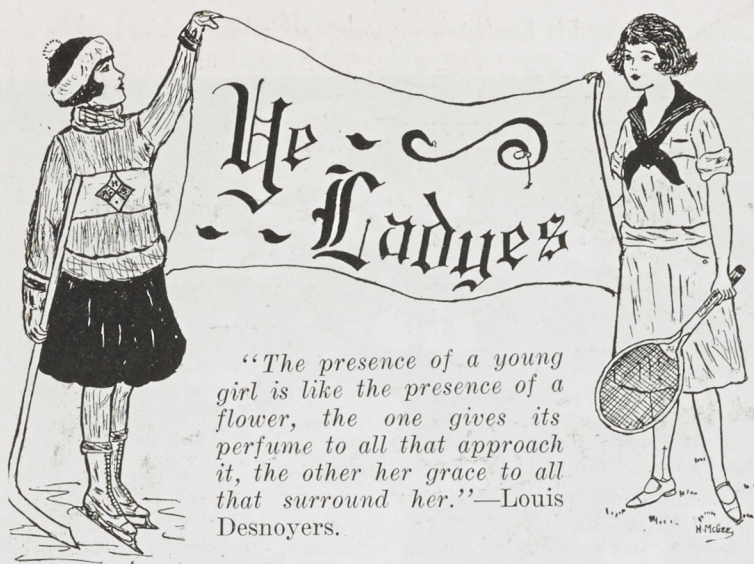
For the most part "pomps" are kept down by sheer elbow grease. However, Leonard Downing learned long ago that axle grease is much cheaper than elbow grease. This accounts for the rich ebony color and finish of his hair.

Did you ever muss Frank LePage's "pomp"? No. Well, anyhow, it doesn't fall back naturally. He has under his pillow a red nightcap with a green lace border which keeps down his raven locks while he slumbers.

By the aid of some white rags and curling tongs Bert Kennedy succeeds in getting the most perfect head of curly hair you ever saw. He treats it so before retiring and by morning—presto—he is the envy of every girl in the school.

The sandy locks of James Rae are very characteristic of his Highland forefathers. However, in this day of modern inventions and civilization, we who do not hail from the land of the thistle, would consider his countenance much improved by the use of some black Dyola dye and a hair net.





Editor—MAE GOODE.



ANY of the girls of our higher grades of 1921-22 will be leaving the dear old A. H. S. behind them this June, never more to darken its doors with their arms full of books or worry the teachers into forming after-school sessions. This fact must be faced so what is more natural than to have a talk about what comes afterwards?

We will all be sorry to leave the old school which sheltered us in our youthful days, for those are the best days of our life. The friendships we make now will be stronger ties than any we may make later in life, for our minds are more plastic now and more susceptible to friendships.

Once we are out of school our chums and associates of our school days will all be separated and scattered to the four winds. Then let us grasp the opportunities while they are in reach and enjoy the next four months as we never enjoyed any before. Let us cram them very full of work and play together, that we may look back later with infinite joy and pleasure to the time we spent in the illustrious A. H. S., when we were "young and foolish."

* * *

THE GIRLS' ATHLETICS

The girls' athletics for the fall term of 1921 went off to a good start under the capable management of the executive, composed of Florence Emes, president; Phyllis Smith, vice-president; Helen Wilson, secretary-treasurer, and one representative from each room.

The first and only time we came into the limelight was on field day, when we covered ourselves with glory. Later we sent Winnifred Krapfel, senior champion of field day, Adele Weeks



GRADE XB (MISS BORDEN)

who gained next highest number of points, and Margaret Dobbin, to the field day at Lethbridge. We were very proud of these girls, who so ably upheld the name of Alexandra High School there.

After the field days, as far as the public knew, we dropped into oblivion, but we were really very much alive. From baseball, where Audrey Terry's team carried off the honors, we went to basketball, where Florence Emes' team was victorious.

We were very pleased at the interest shown by one of our business men of the city. Mr. A. B. Cook very kindly presented us with a shield for the junior championship on field day.

In the executive for 1922, the girls were again very fortunate. Grace Thirwell, president; Lenore Fisher, vice-president and Eleanor Jones, secretary-treasurer, prove very efficient in their offices. A hockey schedule was drawn up shortly after Christmas and just lately a basketball schedule has also been made.

Lastly, let all due honor be given to Mr. Baker, who so liberally gave of his time and energy to this work.

* * *

HISTORY OF THE LITERARY SOCIETY

If one could imagine a summer without sun, a rink without ice, or a town without a town sheriff, then he would have some inkling of what the A. H. S. would be without a Literary Society.

Once every two weeks the students, beaming with pleasure, swarm into the auditorium ostensibly to cast aside their educational worries. I say ostensibly, for our literary life is only another phase of our education. To an inexperienced outsider this hour every two weeks would seem to be merely an amusement. It is, however, not only good recreation, but is also very beneficial from an educational standpoint. The experience gained by taking charge of a lit. meeting, reading the *En Avant*, or taking part in the programmes takes second place only to the good feeling produced among the students in getting up a programme.

Our Literary Society could never be compared to Noah's Ark—a good refuge in time of flood—for our programmes are never dry. The Lit. for the first half of the term was in the capable hands of the executive composed of Frank LePage, president; Clarence Dobbin, vice-president; Ogletree Sissons, secretary-treasurer; and Greta Morrison, editor-in-chief. The programmes were in the hands of the various rooms, starting at Grade XII and concluding with IXA.

After Christmas, the Lit. was manned by the efficient executive with Greta Morrison as president; Clarence White, vice-president; Lyall Dawkins, secretary-treasurer, and Coralie Ratliff, editor-in-chief. To add variety to the lits the programmes for the second part of the term were placed in the hands of eight capable committees.

Surely after one has seen all that our Lit. has done for the A. H. S. no one will doubt that this worthy society is one of our greatest sources of education in our high school of to-day.

HEARD IN THE CLASSES

Miss Fraser.—“Outside.”

Mr. Paterson.—“Not by a long shot.”

Mr. Fleming.—“Less noise back there.”

Miss McCracken.—“If this class cannot keep order we will hold this lesson after four.”

Miss Borden.—“Draw your picture on the board.”

Miss Goudie.—“You act like the ancient Britons.”

Mr. Baker.—“Some of these days I’m going to get mad.”

Mr. Sullivan.—“If you have tears prepare to shed them now! ! !”

(On arrival with his Domesday book especially.)

* * *

HIGH SCHOOL DICTIONARY

In making his dictionary Webster failed to enlighten us along some lines. Here are a few of the true meanings Webster didn’t have the nerve to put in his efforts:

Geometry.—The science which treats of the properties and relations of lines, angles, surfaces and solids. The way it treats the students is not mentioned nor is the way the students treat it inserted in Webster’s Pet Namesake.

Algebra.—A hopeless mixture of letters, numbers, signs and labor. Deadly poison, and acts like carbolic acid; it sometimes goes to the head.

Arithmetic.—That branch of mathematics which deals with numbers. It may also be taken as a tonic for such chronic diseases as late for school and kicked out of the room.

Agriculture.—The art or science of cultivating the ground—usually spoken in Scotch.

French.—A language of the French and the only thing Napoleon left for the rest of the world to conquer.

Latin.—The language of the Latins. Other languages fail to describe it; they are so inadequate.

History.—The science of facts that are so old that even the big boys in Grade XII can’t remember them. The study of ancient things such as our last high school dance. A half-hour interval of rest.

Physics.—Natural philosophy dealing with the laws of matter. The students to whom it doesn’t come *natural* act as if it didn’t *matter*.

Composition.—The art of writing stories—that is telling lies on paper—also reading dry books.

Chemistry.—The art of perfuming our school. “Nuff sed!”

Trigonometry.—The worst accident that ever happened. It comes by inspirations. The inspirations, however, are few and far between.

Biology.—Another Scotch subject, dealing with bugs.

Literature.—The ravings of such noted men as Shakespeare and such noted women as Cora Ratliff, editor of the paper.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. SULLIVAN

It was certainly "blue Monday" for me. In fact, to speak exactly, it was the Monday after the Friday afternoon before. You all know those delightful Friday afternoons; the sort of Friday afternoon when a toothache is a godsend and a sprained ankle a benediction. The ideal Friday afternoon to bury a grandmother or resurrect a long lost aunt. That is the kind of Friday afternoon it had been. But it was now Monday.

I had been waiting outside the office for half an hour, slaking my parched throat and burning thirst from time to time at the fountain. At last it was my turn to enter, and in the wake of an ominous "Come" I entered the awful room. Soon, above the din of my knocking knees I heard myself say in a timid voice, "Please, sir I—I wish a—an admit f—for being absent Friday a—afternoon." At last the dreadful thing was out and I stood quaking in my shoes. Then—another clap of thunder—

"Were you ill?"

"Y—y—n—no sir,—I—I—"

"Did you have to go to the dentists or keep the baby?"

"N—no, sir," I gasped.

(Black frowns.) "Then you were at the show."

"Y—yes sir."

Then bedlam broke loose. Vesuvius erupted. In the blistering heat the varnish cracked and the fountain dried up. The noise was terrific—then I came to, to find the alarm clock dining away its noisy reveille on the pie pan.

* * *

COMMERCIAL HIGH SCHOOL SLEIGH RIDE

On February 17th, after having a feast of reason, during the afternoon debates, the Commercial Class let go for the flow of soul, requisite to the enjoyment of a jolly sleigh-ride.

All piled into the waiting sleighs at 8 p.m., and then round and round they went, snowballing the Grade XII's whenever their paths crossed, pushing their dignified teachers off into the snow, and likewise pulling off each other.

In the girls' basement the happy crowd gathered and warmed themselves up by playing games till the refreshments were passed around; hot coffee and cold ice cream being equally welcome.

Then the blithe spirits who can tread the light fantastic toe took possession of the floor, and dancing interspersed with some more games kept things going in such a fine style that it struck 11.30 o'clock before anyone realized it; so not wishing to outdo Cinderella the revellers broke up just before midnight. Everyone agreed that as the first party of the Commercial Class had been such a success it would have to be repeated in the near future.

PHILIP E. TYAS, Commercial Class.

GIRLS' ATHLETIC SOCIAL

Usually at the first of the term the Girls' Athletic Association puts on a little informal dance after school for the purpose of getting acquainted. This year we were not behind other years in this, so one Friday afternoon soon after school had opened we all assembled in the auditorium for a really enjoyable time. Refreshments in our favorite form of beans, brown bread, cake and coffee were served shortly after six, after which dancing was resumed till seven-thirty.

The teachers had the hard job of chaperoning the girls, but seemed no worse for their strenuous efforts in this line. As usual there was some trouble in getting musicians. This was soon obviated, however, when Mr. Baker and the faithful A. H. S. orchestra came to the rescue.

We were all very pleased to learn that all the new members of the staff dance more or less well, and we hope they'll stay with the school long enough for us to learn some of their fancy steps. Mr. McNeill thinks young children (under 25), shouldn't dance, but we were very glad to see him dancing with some of the younger students.

On the whole our girls' social was a very great success. We hope we may have many more like them.





Our Finished Products

Editor—ELEANOR JONESS.



The school spirit of the Medicine Hat High School never dies. This fact was clearly illustrated at the debate between the Crescent Heights High School of Calgary, and Medicine Hat. The Normal students from Medicine Hat turned out in force to encourage their debaters.

Armed with the little books of yells, furnished by our High School and led by Mr. Williams, once principal of the A. H. S., we yelled our best and caused quite a sensation at Crescent Heights.

The debate was splendid. The Medicine Hat speakers, Alva Foster and Tom Blair, held up well the reputation of the Medicine Hat High School. Unfortunately, however, the Crescent Heights debaters had more material, and so we lost the debate.

The debaters were well received by the Calgarians, who expressed their admiration for the spirit of the debaters and also their supporters.

Calgary won the cup this year, but let's hope that next year it will return to its old home in the Alexandra High School.

JENNIE SMITHSON.

* * *

During the fall the busiest part of the Normal School grounds was the tennis courts. Among the most enthusiastic net artists were the Hatters.

A CALGARY NORMALITE.

* * *

CLASS OF 1918—GRADE XII.

Irene Taylor is in New York training for the nursing profession.

Ina Greene.—Studying law, Medicine Hat.

CLASS OF 1919—GRADE XII.

Keith Muir, of the Edmonton Varsity gang, is starring at basketball again.

Robert Stoner spent two years in University and is now in Redcliff.

CLASS OF 1919—GRADE XI.

Myrtle Elford, first girls' athletic champion of the A. H. S., is teaching near Burdett.

CLASS OF 1920—GRADE XII.

Frances Depew.—Head stenographer in the office of a Los Angeles doctor.

Homer McWilliams.—Residing in California with his family.

Eric Ansley.—Senior athletic champion, spent a year at Toronto University. Is now teaching.

George Reynolds.—Vancouver.

William Stothers.—Marathon champion, studying pharmacy at Edmonton.

Charles Blundell.—Selling "Lux" somewhere in the United States.

CLASS OF 1920—GRADE XI.

Irene Mooney.—Regina Normal.

Norma McClellan.—Vancouver.

Chris. Flynn (Chr-r-r-istina).—Our one time jolly Lit secretary, at Calgary Normal.

Ralph Moore (Prusky).—Agent for the Imperial Oil Company at Irvine.

Gertrude Smith.—Second year law, Medicine Hat.

Nora Princee (Princy).—Stenographer at Brandon, Man.

Margaret Dobbin.—Our one time Girls' Athletic champion, secretary of the Lit., president of the Girls' Athletic—to say nothing of an inter-class debater—still resides in Medicine Hat.

CLASS OF 1921—GRADE XII.

Reidar Torjussen.—President of the A. H. S. Alumni, now attending Calgary Normal.

Leighton McAmmond.—Residing in Kenora, Ontario.

Robert Swanson.—"My name is Bob Swanson—I come from Wisconsin!" or was it Missouri? They say he's farming now. Can you believe it?

Howard and Campbell Hargrave.—Ranching.

Clifford Worthy.—Attending Agricultural College at Gleichen, Alberta.

CLASS OF 1921—GRADE XI.

Ila Cory.—Grade XI theatrical manager. Now at Edmonton Varsity.

Emerson Porter.—Ranching near Irvine.

Wilbur Ginther (Wong).—Ex-president of the A. H. S. Literary Society, attending business college in Decatur, Ill.

Alice Sissions has been attending Branksome Hall, Toronto, for the last year.

Charlie Waldo.—One of the 1921 provincial champion debaters, studying medicine at Edmonton.

Hazel Crittenden (Citty).—Edmonton.

Noble Ginther.—Who is, who is, who is he; he is Punky of Eleven "B." Also in Decatur, Ill.

Mamie Frances Bell.—Residing in Edmonton.

UNIVERSITY STUDENTS—EDMONTON.

Edward Davis, Lucile Pentland, Ruth Becker, Ralph Smyth, Gerald Rankin, John Claxton, Bruce McDonald, Hugh Crawford, Albert Cameron, Robert Glover, Michael Crockford, George LePage, Keith Muir, Ferne Stacey, Jennie Stothers, Greg Crawford, William Stothers, George Stewart, Max Crawford, Helen Armstrong, William Allan.

UNIVERSITY OF TORONTO.

Genevieve Brock, Frank Millican.

QUEEN'S UNIVERSITY, KINGSTON.

Edwin Dilworth.

VANCOUVER.

Marjory Agnew, Ross Mayhood.

AMONG THOSE WHOSE EMBLEM IS THE BIRCH ROD.

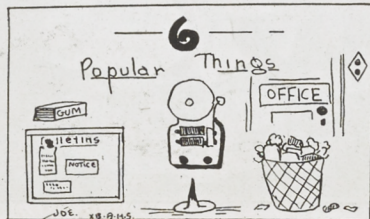
Carol McConkey, Emma Nesbitt, Ethel Morris, Lillian Hamilton, Eric Ansley, Winnie Bishop, Marion Dunnett, Kathleen Lawrence, Irene Lawrence, Margaret Elson, Mr. R. Terry, Lois Ginther, Edith Davis, Mildred Page, Ross Beath, Gwen Taylor, Graham Bowles, Ima Tinney, Harold Knight, Ralph Gallup, Olga Bernstein, Lloyd Colwell, Grace Elmore, Nellie Hunt, Frank Harvey, Allan Morris, Marie Klippin, Roy Johnson, Clifford Cannell.

CALGARY NORMAL STUDENTS.

Grant Halpin, Helen Fisher, Beth Allen, Jennie Smithson, Reidar Torjussen, Nina Lightizer, Mamie Peterson, Earl Bell, Sadie Chudleigh, Mary Thirwell, Oliver Reid, Noel Mais, Madge Lightizer, Iona Larson.

MARRIED.

Beatrice Patterson (Mrs. Edgar Colter).
Blanch Olson (Mrs. Russell).
Olive Terry (Mrs. Hennis).
Katie Nicholson (Mrs. Abelen).
Leona Draudson (Mrs. Hannah).





GRADE XII (MISS FRASER)



An Incident of the Mounted

(BY AN EX-MOUNTIE)



"Sergeant William Strange, you are detailed to bring to justice, dead or alive, notorious Jack Lane, who is hiding somewhere among the western hills; get your man and do not come back without him." Thus spoke the stern-faced Superintendent of the Royal North-West Mounted Police at ——— Division on a bright afternoon in June some years ago.

The next morning, with sufficient provisions to last him for several days, Sergeant William Strange set out on the tedious man hunt. Where he was going and whether or not he would come back, he did not know, for well he knew the character of Jack Lane, a man who feared neither God nor devil, a man who lived by the power of his gun alone. But unafraid he started in quest of his man.

For several days Sergeant Strange rode among the hills, scanning each hollow and likely hiding place with a trained eye, but without success. Then one evening just as the sun was setting in all the splendors of the west, he mounted a rise and saw far in the distance a small farm house with smoke curling lazily from the chimney. Thinking he might obtain a clue there, Sergeant Strange proceeded towards the place immediately, but cautiously, taking cover wherever possible, for he did not know what sort of people he might meet; and well he did, for as he neared the buildings he saw just outside the back door of the house the horse which belonged to Jack Lane. This, of course, meant that the man he was after was inside. To make sure that he would not be seen first, and thus lose his man, or be shot himself, Sergeant Strange left his horse in a hollow and proceeded on foot; as there was no window in the rear of the house it was an easy matter to reach the door.

Taking a long breath he pushed the door open and at a glance saw there was only one occupant seated at the kitchen table eating his evening meal. Jack Lane, seeing the scarlet tunic, reached for his rifle, but he was too slow; like a flash the sergeant had him covered with the service revolver. Then clear and steady came the command, "Throw up your hands, Jack Lane, you are my prisoner, take your hand off that rifle and move over to that wall."

"Ho! Ho! Come and get me if you want me," sneered Lane.

"You heard my orders; now stand up."

But Jack Lane would not move, he continued to insist that Strange should "come and get him."

Thus they argued back and forth for nearly half an hour. Each knew that the slightest mistake or false move on his part would seal his doom.

Finally Sergeant Strange could not wait any longer; his arm having become tired from holding the heavy service re-

volver. He made a last appeal to Jack Lane to surrender, then without taking his eyes off his prisoner he took out his watch and said:

"I will give you just ten minutes to surrender, Jack Lane, and if at the end of that time you do not give up, I am going to pull the trigger, and you know what that means. My orders are to bring you back dead or alive, and I am not going to lose you."

Slowly five minutes dragged by, and still Jack Lane did not move.

"Two minutes more."

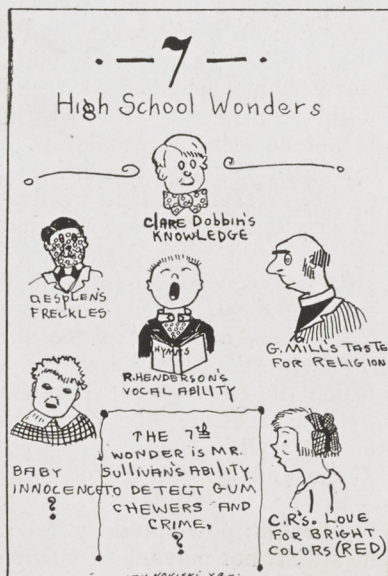
"One minute left, for God's sake surrender, or at the end of the minute I'll shoot."

Then just as the fateful minute was drawing to an end, Jack Lane put up his hands and said:

"Well, I guess it's no use, Mountie, you would get me sooner or later anyway."

Two months later Jack Lane paid the penalty for his crimes, and Sergeant William Strange was given the credit of having brought to justice one of the most desperate criminals in Canada.

By CARL F. SILLAK, Grade IXA.





Chestnuts

(By Another Nut)



Editor—OMAR CREER.



IFE, it is said, is one darned thing after another, love is two darn things after each other, and marriage is one darned sock after another. Below you will find one alleged joke after another. If you don't like the first one read on into the next.

We have arranged them in sections because certain types of jokes appeal to certain people, and when you reach your chosen section you will find all your favorites together. Some of these jokes are so old they were written in cuneiform, and in translation have lost their point (Cuneiform-point—Good joke that. Haw! Haw!) Others originated in the Garden of Eden and should be labelled Adam Swindle. Some are like a dirty window—you can't see through them—while others are so funny we had to leave them out in case you burst a blood vessel. There are more of these last than any other kind. You will find some of all kinds among the ads. Be sure and look for them (the ads. we mean,—you'll never see the jokes).

* * *

METHUSELAUGHED AT THESE

To love is sweet,
But oh! 'tis bitter
To love a girl
And then not gitter.

* * *

Let "y" be Frank LePage, who has taken his father's car, and "m" be the car; they strike a bump on the Macleod trail.

Result.—m over y. m is equal to 4 cents and y is equal to anything.

* * *

Turn backward in thy flight, O Time
The poet cried, Alack!
Old Time paid not the slightest heed,
But hoofed it down the track.

* * *

USE YOUR HEAD.

A woodpecker pecks out a great many specks
Of sawdust when building a hut;
He works like a nigger to make the hole bigger;
He's sore if his cutter won't cut.
He doesn't bother with plans of cheap artisans,
But there's one thing can rightly be said;
The whole excavation has this explanation:
He built it by using his head.

HOTEL RULES.

- 1.—Board 50 cents per square foot, meals extra.
- 2.—Guests are requested not to speak to dumb waiters.
- 3.—Guests wishing to get up without being called can have self-raising flour for supper.
- 4.—Not responsible for diamonds, Fords, bicycles or other valuables kept under pillows.
- 5.—Guests wishing to drive will find hammer and nails under the bed.
- 6.—If the room gets too hot open the window and watch the fire escape.
- 7.—If you are fond of jumping lift the mattress and watch the bed spring.
- 8.—Baseball players wishing a little practice will find a pitcher on the wash stand.
- 9.—Anyone troubled with nightmare will find a halter on the bedpost.
- 10.—Eat your crusts to-day for to-morrow they'll be harder.
- 11.—Never put four feet on the table unless there are pigs' feet on the bill.
- 12.—Never stir your coffee with your finger unless it is cold.
- 13.—Children under 60 are not allowed to play leap-frog in the halls.

* * *

WAITERS' SLANG.

- "Mutton broth in a hurry," says the customer.
- "Baa baa in the rain! Make him run!" shouts the waiter.
- "Beefsteak and onions," says the customer.
- "Make him a ginny!" shouts the waiter.
- "Where's my baked potatoes?" asked a customer.
- "Mrs. Murphy in a sealskin coat!" shouts the waiter.
- "Two fried eggs. Don't fry 'em too hard," says a customer.
- "Adam and Eve in the garden. Leave their eyes open," shouts the waiter.
- "Poached eggs on toast," says the customer.
- Bride and groom on a raft in the middle of the sea!" shouts the waiter.
- "Chicken croquets," says the customer.
- "Fowl ball!" shouts the waiter.
- "Hash," says the customer.
- "Gentleman wants to take a chance!" shouts the waiter.
- "I'll have hash, too" says the next customer.
- "Another sport!" shouts the waiter.
- "Glass of milk," says a customer.
- "Let it rain!" shouts the waiter.
- "Frankfurters and sauerkraut, good and hot," says a customer.
- "Fido, shep and bale of hay!" shouts a waiter, "and let 'em sizzle!"

"In what course do you intend to graduate Derek?"

"In course of time."

* * *

To Clarence—"Are you sure you can cut your own meat?"

"Yes, thanks," answered Clarence.

"I've often had it as tough as this at home."

* * *

Ogletree: "Give me a first-class ticket to Redcliff."

Agent: "Single?"

Ogletree: "Well—er—yes, I am just at present."

* * *

"Now if this experiment goes wrong," said Mr. Fleming, "we will all be blown sky high. Come closer everyone and follow me."

* * *

An algebra equation.—Let x equal a motorist who is exceeding the speed limit and y the policeman who arrests him. Then $x - \$5 = y_2$.

* * *

They met on the bridge that night;

They never will meet again.

For she was an eastbound cow,

And he a westbound train.

* * *

Two bootleggers were discussing affairs in general.

One said: "I made some brew out of grapes and called it grapenel. It tastes fine."

Second one: "Well I made some wine out of raisins and named it raisinel."

* * *

Will you forever my honey be?

He begged, as lip to lip they clung.

Well, she became his honey bee,

And people say that he got stung.

* * *

Art. giggled when the teacher read about the Roman who swam across the Tiber three times before breakfast.

"You do not doubt a trained swimmer could do that, do you, Art.?"

"No, sir," answered Art., "but I wondered why he didn't make it four and get back to the side his clothes were on."

* * *

SCREAMS FROM THE CLASSES.

Greta—(To teacher)—"I am indebted to you for all that I know."

Mr. Baker—"Don't mention it; it's a mere trifle."

* * *

When Fred McLean starts to smoke he will have one over on the rest of us. He will know exactly where his cigar ashes will land.

* * *

Lyall—"When I sing I get tears in my eyes. What can I do for this?"

Mack—"Put cotton in your ears."

Mr. Sullivan—"Haven't you studied your Latin lesson?"
 Leonard—"No, sir. I didn't have no time to learn nothin' but my grammar lessons."

* * *

Harry—"Who is after you on that shower?"

Pudge—"No one."

Harry—"If that's the case, I am."

* * *

"I love you dear," Bill fondly said.

"Oh, so do I," said Cora.

At that Bill stood and racked his head—meant she herself or me?

* * *

The Druggist—"I'm sorry Peter, I can only give you half as much castor oil for a dime as I used to."

Peter blithely handed him the coin. "I'm not kicking. The stuff's for me."

* * *

"Now, Hubert" said the Sunday school teacher, "Can you tell us why God gave Moses the rod."

"Yes, ma'am," replied Hubert. "So he could chastise the children of Israel if they didn't get their lessons."

* * *

Teacher—"Why, Joe, you've got your shoes on the wrong feet!"

Joe (after contemplating the shoes)—"I ain't got no other feet."

* * *

A few days ago Isabel stepped into the Alberta Book Store hoping to get a sheet of music.

Our friend Pudge happened to be working there so Isabel tripped up to the counter and said:

"Have you 'Kissed Me in the Moonlight'?"

Pudge turned, looked, and said: "It must have been the man on the other counter. I've only been here a week."

* * *

Bert, in a letter asking his father for financial help, added this postscript to make it look better.

P.S.—I ran after the postman for a long way to get this letter back, as it was a mistake, my only hope is that it doesn't reach you.

His father replied by mail:

Dear Bert: Your request is granted. I never received your letter.

* * *

BONE AND IRON.

"Better keep your head inside the window!" warned the brakeman.

"I kin look out of the window if I want to," said Tom Mitchell, winking at his friends.

"Sure you can," answered the conductor.

"But if you damage any of the iron work of the bridges you'll have to pay for it."

✱	<p style="text-align: center;">Ten B How-how (BY LYALL DAWKINS, XB)</p>	✱
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CLICK.



HE clicking noise recently heard in our halls, reminds one of a certain speech made at an A. H. S. election not long ago. The word clique was repeated by the speaker so often as to resemble the little instrument given away with gum; and used as an article of amusement by students who are staging a come-back on their "KID" days.

* * *

Maxim invented the silencer, but it certainly doesn't take long for our principal's stern gaze to quell an uproarious roomful of students.

* * *

Someone said—It is human to err.* Oh! if the teachers would only remember that when they are marking our exam. papers.

* * *

The days has yet to dawn when all the boys arrive in the building at least twenty minutes after the bell rings on P. C. periods.

* * *

Talk about autoocracy—Say, were you ever in the cloakroom when a pompous senior finds a junior's outermost garment hung on his hook?

* * *

OUTSIDE.

The casual observer or one not closely connected with the student body of Alexandra High, does not see anything in the word "Outside,"—to him it signifies the great out-of-doors, warm in summer, cold in winter. But to a student! It is bleak and cold no matter how warm the day. It usually happens this way:

You are in an exuberant mood and try to liven up the lesson with a few witty (?) remarks or amusing antics, upon which occasion the teacher will exercise the privilege of inviting you to leave the room, that is, you vacate your seat and retire to the hall, where you drape yourself as comfortably as possible over one of the radiators, and spend the rest of the period meditating upon your various shortcomings so recently recited by the teacher during your exit. To some it is a mere trifle, but on second thought the wise student will catechise himself for his folly, because the teacher may believe that one trip deserves another, and with this in mind request your presence after four. During this interview you will be given an opportunity to display your ability in arithmetic, especially multiplication.



COMMERCIAL CLASS (MISS ARMSTRONG)

The new fellow—
 Show him he is welcome—
 And if he is the right sort—
 He will appreciate your action—
 And form a good impression—
 Of our school and its students—
 And, after all, he is human—
 And perhaps just as good—
 A sport as you are.—
 So loosen up your—
 Smile and he—
 Will feel—
 At home—
 In A.H.S.

* * *

Can't you remember the first time you had to read before the inspector? What a terrible ordeal it seemed to be, how your knees came closer together at rapid intervals to keep each other company and for mutual support. How the words seemed to dance all over the page, and, although you were one of the best at ordinary times, your tongue now found a great attraction in the roof of your mouth, your eyes grew misty and you just had to stop at every few lines to swallow that funny thing in your throat. The teacher threw glances of pity and hopeful sympathy in your direction, and somehow you reached the end of the paragraph.

You know what it's like, don't you?

* * *



The moment something unusual happens the ostrich buries his head under the sand. Are you an ostrich? You can be one by neglecting to read the ads.—shutting your eyes when you need them most. Read our ads. They protect you against fraud and inferiority. They save you money by pointing out for your consideration only the best.

* * *

We claim to have found the original of all the mother-in-law stories in the world. Here it is:

As Mr. Caveman was gnawing at a bear bone in his cave one morning Mrs. Caveman rushed and said:

“Quick! Get your club! Oh quick!”

“What’s the matter?” growled Mr. Caveman.

“Sabre-toothed tiger chasing mother,” gasped his wife.

Mr. Caveman spat on the floor. “And what the blazes,” he asked, “do I care what happens to a sabre-toothed tiger.”

* * *

SCHOOL LIFE IS A SLIPPERY ROAD.

School life is a slippery road.

Take for example the night your home-work slips your mind entirely, and you slip out to spend the evening at the “show.” All the sordid everyday duties of life slip gently and easily from your over-taxed mind. When you reach the theatre and slip down, away down into one of the cushioned chairs all your troubles seem to leave you, such a semi-Utopian atmosphere settles about you that never a thought of school-work slips in to mar your pleasure as you watch the hero slip out of the net the villain has so carefully prepared for him.

The next morning the scene is vastly changed. At fifteen minutes to nine you awake with a start. You waste three or four precious minutes trying to think it all out. Your first duty at school is to slip past the principal if you see him in the halls. This accomplished, all you have to do is to slip into your room, make a pass at file as though you were impaling an admittance slip there and slip quietly into your seat, at the same time appearing deeply absorbed in the lesson. You may slip this little deal over on the staff if no more slips occur during the day, which for you is very unlikely.



The Call of the Open Spaces

O'er dusty sidewalks row on row
Electric signs are all aglow,
And restless crowds pass to and fro
Throughout the busy town.
The foundry belches fiery streaks,
The tannery to heaven reeks.
And selfish man forever seeks
To beat his rivals down.

Why in the crowded city bide?
When on the boundless prairie wide
There's room for all, and more beside.
Why Nature's beauty spoil?
Observe the breadth of heaven's span.
It surely never was God's plan
That man should crowd the life from man
And fill his days with toil.

The sunset tints the western sky
In heaps the new mown grasses lie.
And vagrant winds are passing by
Filching their perfume rare.
And in the coulee's shadow dim
Beyond the streamlet's rushy rim
The thrushes sing their evening hymn
Ere they for sleep prepare.

Then softly fades the sunset glow
A grey moth flutters to and fro
And violet shadow down below
The sleeping coulee fills.
A single star is shining bright
As if in challenge to the night,
Touching with opal tinted light
The distant Cypress Hills.

The shadowy plain is softly blurred.
No sound is in the silence heard,
Save where a sleepy hidden bird
A gentle twittering makes.
A snowy owl in circling sweep
Arousing from his daily sleep
From out a cleft where shadows creep,
His noiseless passage takes.

A breathless hush lies o'er the earth
Even human passions, grief and mirth
Seem silently to wait the birth
Of some weird power, and soon
Through gauzy clouds that veil her light
Her pearly radiance gleaming bright,
Majestic Queen of all the night—
Rises the golden moon.

Then leave the garish city street;
The noisy tramp of hurrying feet,
Where aye the race is to the fleet;
The victory to the strong.
And seek the open countryside
Where Nature still has naught to hide
And throws her roomy portals wide
To all who suffer wrong.

I. F. TERRY.

TREASURER'S STATEMENT.

Literary Society, Sept. 1, 1920 to June 30, 1921.

RECEIPTS

Sept. 1—Cash on Hand -----	\$ 70.68
Nov. 1—Proceeds of Initiation -----	11.35
Dec. 6—Proceeds of Debate, Lethbridge vs. Medicine Hat	114.20
Dec. 23—Proceeds of Christmas Concert -----	53.45
Jan. 29—Proceeds of Debate, Calgary vs. Medicine Hat -	93.50
March 26—Proceeds of Annual Dance -----	50.05
	<u>\$393.23</u>

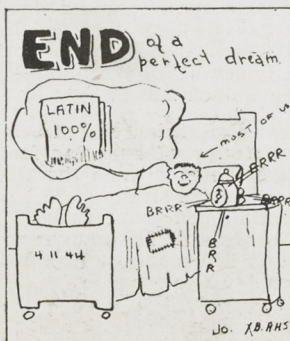
DISBURSEMENTS

Nov. 1—Purchased Dishes -----	\$ 27.50
Nov. 1—Rent for Dishes (outstanding) -----	2.00
Nov. 1—Refreshments for Initiation -----	14.75
Nov. 20—Stamps -----	20
Dec. 6—Expenses of Debaters to Lethbridge -----	21.90
Dec. 6—Draying (seats for debate) -----	12.00
Dec. 23—Expenses for Christmas Concert -----	23.10
Dec. 23—Refreshments, Christmas Concert -----	34.58
Dec. 23—Donated for Christmas Cheer -----	10.00
Jan. 29—Expenses of Debaters to Calgary -----	60.00
Jan. 29—Draying (seats for debate) -----	4.00
Feb. 9—Sleighs for Annual Sleigh Ride -----	24.00
Feb. 9—Refreshments, Sleigh Ride -----	28.55
March 9—Expenses for Final Debate, Edmonton (Chap- ron \$25.75; Telegram \$1.15; Incidentals \$2.15)	29.05
April 6—Orchestra for Annual Dance -----	18.00
April 6—Refreshments -----	62.50
April 6—Other Expenses of Dance -----	5.65
April 6—Debt Outstanding from I. J. Crittenden, 1919 -	1.20
April 12—Engraving Debating Trophies -----	1.25
June 20—H. H. Harper (photos of debaters) -----	13.00
	<u>\$393.23</u>

Certified correct:

Dorothy Muir, Sec.-Treas., Fall 1920.

Evelyn Foster, Sec.-Treas., Spring 1921.





Epilogue



NE time there was a fellow who couldn't keep a job. He worked for a flour mill but he got sacked. He worked for a cannery but he got canned. He worked for the city fire brigade but he got fired, and he drove a grocery truck but he couldn't make the grade. He was a failure.

This same lad was simple. He would lie awake for hours every night wondering and trying to puzzle out how he could see to wash the back of his neck. While he was wondering he let it go without washing.

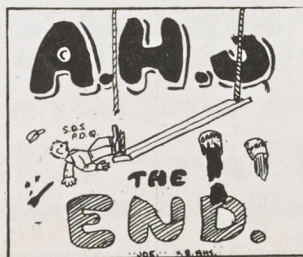
He was ignorant. He thought Napoleon was a French movie star. He thought school was a place where the angels went to prepare themselves to enter Heaven. Nobody had any faith in this fellow. He was no good.

This noted no-brain decided to publish a magazine. He took to it like a fly sticks to tanglefoot. It was easy for him. All he had to do was watch the wheels go around, and tell the workmen to oil them, while he sat and lit cigars and smoked them. That is all any magazine publisher has to do. This fellow made a success of it. Any silly ass could publish a magazine if he tried. He'd have to be a silly ass to try.

Now we do not claim to be that bad. We do not claim to be silly asses. We have never worked in a mill or cannery. We have never been in a fire brigade or driven a motor truck. We know enough to wash the back of our necks,—we know enough, of course that doesn't say we wash them. A man mostly always has to be in love before he puts on such frills as that. At least married men and youngsters are the only ones who *don't* do it. We claim that we are not simple; we are supposed to have brains, in fact, we know we have. We go to school and we don't pretend to be angels,—at least most of us don't,—yet we too have published a magazine. We claim our magazine is better than the ordinary run of magazines, so we are not exactly silly asses.

You have read our little publication. We hope you have enjoyed it and liked it. If not, class us with the common throng and call us silly asses. Our motto is *Aspire Higher Still*, so we can promise definitely to do better next time.

FRANK LEPAGE.



✱	Autograph Page	✱
---	----------------	---

Wrist Watches

Engagement Rings

Wedding Rings

ISSUER OF MARRIAGE LICENSES

A. M. WRIGHT & SON
Jewelers and Opticians *The Jeweler on the Corner*

SUPPORT MEDICINE HAT INDUSTRIES

Always Demand Candies Manufactured by

THE ALBERTA CANDY CO.
 Manufacturers Since 1892

ASK FOR

"Jersey Cream Toffee", "The Alberta Toffee Humbugs"
 and "Morems" the new Chocolate Lunch Cake
 AND KEEP YOUR MONEY CIRCULATING IN "THE HAT"

Our Advertisers—Continued

A GOOD COMBINATON.

Canada's best flour, made by
 Ogilvie's and The Alexandra High
 School Souvenir.

* * *

If you haven't any change, drop
 in and exchange with Mrs. Bab-
 ington.

* * *

If your watch is wrong, Wright
 can make it right.

WELL-KNOWN HOMES.

Home, Sweet Home,
 Old Kentucky Home,
 And F. S. Holmes, the boys'
 clothier.

* * *

A. B. C.

A. B. Cook.

Alberta Book Company.

Do you know your A B C's?
 They are good places to deal.

(Continued on Page 77)

NOTHING BUT THE BEST Flour and Ingredients
 used in the manufacture of our **BREAD.**

We use the famous "John Bull Malt" thus enabling us
 to produce a loaf of nice Golden Crust.

Phone 2679 and have our drivers call.

Central Park Bakery
Morrison & Nicol



SUCCESS

IS ATTAINED

by the

Proper Application of



BRAIN and BRAWN



Royal Household FLOUR

and

OGILVIE OATS

*Are Pure, Wholesome,
Energy Giving Foods
Which Build Up the
∴ Body and Mind ∴*

Made in the West's Finest
Mill of the World's
Best Grain



A. B. COOK

Jeweler and Optician



Issuer of Marriage Licenses

Second Street

Medicine Hat

LIGHT AND HEAVY
DRAYING
IN ALL BRANCHES



DAY AND NIGHT
SERVICE



**City Feed and Sale
Stables**

Cor. 4th Street and Maple Ave.

H. N. Brenton - Proprietor

THE GLASGOW HOUSE



Anything that's new in
Misses' Wearing Apparel will
be found in our
Ready-to-Wear Section.

*Garments from the
Best Makers Only*

Large assortment of Dress
Material, Silk and Dress
Trimmings.

Hosiery, Gloves, Corsets,
Underwear, Etc.

DRESSMAKING

10 per cent. Discount on all
cash purchases.



MEDICINE HAT

The Ideal City for Residence



NATURAL GAS

Reduces Work of Housewife
One Half



Purest (Filtered) Drinking Water
in the West



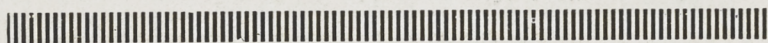
ELECTRICITY

For Light and Power at Cheap Rates



Beautifully Wooded Parks and Streets

Noted Chautauqua Lecturer said: "Your city is the prettiest we
have seen in the West. Reminds one of small Californian cities."



SPORTING GOODS

Tennis Racquets and Supplies, Baseball Supplies and
all Sporting Goods

The headquarters for High School Athletic Supplies

The Bell Hardware Ltd.

"The Store of Better Service"

Our Advertisers—Continued

You may be as good as gold, but
there's nothing as good as Gold
Standard.

* * *

A MUSICAL FAMILY.

Johnny is a baritone,

Susie's a soprano,

Sammy plays a violin

And Mary plays a piano.

And they all take from Fossum's.

A wonderful optician.—Such is
Souch.

* * *

Did you ever hear about the lit-
tle pig that couldn't get over the
stile and the woman who bought
a new dress and she couldn't get
over the style? She got it where
all the style comes from—Glasgow
House, Medicine Hat.

(Continued on Page 78)

GRUEN  VERITHIN

E. F. NICHOLSON

Jeweler and Optometrist

Phone 3996

Marriage Licenses Issued

618 Third St.

THE STUDENT'S STORE

The Pingle Drug & Book Co.

DRUGS - STATIONERY
AND SCHOOL SUPPLIES

The Rosery Flower Company

*32 Large Greenhouses Devoted to the
Growing of Cut Flowers and Plants*

THE SHOW PLACE OF WESTERN CANADA

*All varieties of Choice Cut Flowers in Season
at prices lower than anywhere else in Canada*

**We Invite Your First Order—Our Quality and Service
Will Make You a Permanent Customer**

Our Advertisers—Continued

Say it with flowers.—A bouquet
of Five Roses.

* * *

Boost your advertisers! Whistle
“The Rosary,” sing “The
Rosary” and deal at the Rosery.

* * *

How would you like to eat a
brick. They're great when they're
made at the Crystal Dairy.

The dough nuts.—National
Bakery Co.

* * *

Spell education in three letters.
I. C. S.—International Corres-
pondence Schools.

* * *

When buying coal or imple-
ments go to Norrie and Fawcett
for the best.

(Continued on Page 79)

The Medicine Hat Picture Framer

**A Picture Worth Keeping
∴ is Worth Framing ∴**

All Orders Promptly Executed

All Work Guaranteed

Tea Trays Made to Order

**Masonic and Oddfellows
Frames a Specialty**

Reeves' Art Supplies

GIVE US A TRIAL

G. W. GRIFFIN

Medicine Hat, Alberta
Phone 3148 514 Third St.

Crawford's Grocery

**Flat Iron Building
Opp. High School**

We Handle Only the Best in

GROCERIES

Cold Meats and Bacons

Vegetables

Fruits and Provisions

— ALSO —

School Supplies - Stationery

Soft Drinks

**Ice Cream in season
and Club Farm Dairy Milk
and Cream**

TRY US FOR SERVICE

Form Fours! Right Turn!

*How Do You Spend the
Money You Earn?*

Best returns for your money
at Gibson's Grocery

A full and complete line of
high class goods always
in stock.

H. C. Gibson

401 Aberdeen St. Phone 2953

A Good Place to Trade

Are You Interested in Technical Education?

We can increase your earning power if you will study one of the courses mentioned below at your own home in your spare time.

TEAR OUT HERE INTERNATIONAL CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOLS CANADIAN, LIMITED

Dept. , 745 St. Catherine St. W. Montreal, Canada

Explain, without obligating me, how I can qualify for the position, or in the subject, before which I mark X.

- | | |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> ELECTRICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> ADVERTISING MAN |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Lighting | <input type="checkbox"/> Window Trimmer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Car Running | <input type="checkbox"/> Show Card Writer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Electric Wiring | <input type="checkbox"/> Outdoor Sign Painter |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Telegraph Expert | <input type="checkbox"/> RAILROADER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Practical Telephony | <input type="checkbox"/> Gas Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Civil Engineer |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Mechanical Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Surveying and Mapping |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SHIP DRAFTSMAN | <input type="checkbox"/> ILLUSTRATOR |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Machine Shop Practice | <input type="checkbox"/> DESIGNER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> MINE FOREMAN OR ENGR | <input type="checkbox"/> BOOKKEEPER |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Metallurgist or Prospector | <input type="checkbox"/> Stenographer and Typist |
| <input type="checkbox"/> STATIONARY ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> Cert. Public Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Marine Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Railway Accountant |
| <input type="checkbox"/> ARCHITECT | <input type="checkbox"/> GOOD ENGLISH |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Contractor and Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> Teacher |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Architectural Draftsman | <input type="checkbox"/> Common School Subjects |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Concrete Builder | <input type="checkbox"/> AGRICULTURE |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Structural Engineer | <input type="checkbox"/> Textile Overseer or Supt. |
| <input type="checkbox"/> PLUMBING AND HEATING | <input type="checkbox"/> Navigator |
| <input type="checkbox"/> Sheet Metal Worker | <input type="checkbox"/> Poultry Raising |
| <input type="checkbox"/> CHEMICAL ENGINEER | <input type="checkbox"/> AUTOMOBILES |
| <input type="checkbox"/> SALESMANSHIP | <input type="checkbox"/> Auto Repairing |

Name _____

Occupation & Employer _____

Street and No. _____

City _____ Prov. _____

Our Advertisers—Continued

Ratliff sells the earth.—Dirty work!

* * *

Mary had been asking her mother questions at the rate of one per minute for an hour. She said: "Mamma, why do you buy land from the Anderson Agency?"

"For the land's sake, Mary."

"Oh!"

* * *

STUDENTS—

Get your clothing at Hawthorne's; your groceries at Gibson's; your bread from Central Park Bakery; your candy at Olivier's; your hardware at Mitchell's; your drugs at Pingle's and your school books at Blundell's, and then go to Harper's Studio and get your picture taken and see how happy you will look. And, by the way, get it framed at Griffin's and see how much prettier it will make you.

The Medicine Hat Steam Laundry



WE DO
Cleaning, Pressing
Dyeing and
Repairing



WE CALL and DELIVER
Phone 2005

Insure Baking Results

Absolute Uniformity of Baking

Bread that is always delicious in flavor; that always "rises" just right is assured when you use

Cream of the West Flour

specially milled from hard wheat; ideally adapted to general baking; experienced bakers always get perfect results in both bread and pastry by using Cream of the West.

ASK YOUR GROCER--HE HAS IT

Milled in Medicine Hat by the

Hedley Shaw Milling Co.

Dixon Block

229 to 235 Sixth Ave.

Phone 2681

F. S. Ratliff & Co.

Farm Lands - Farm Loans - City Property

Stocks and Bonds

Insurance of All Kinds

OIL LEASES FOR SALE

Medicine Hat - Alberta



*Remember this
package and forget
your tea troubles.
The Codville Co. Ltd.*

DON'T SAY FLOUR

— Say —

FIVE ROSES

“The World’s Best”

MADE IN

MEDICINE HAT

BY

Lake of the Woods
Milling Co. Limited